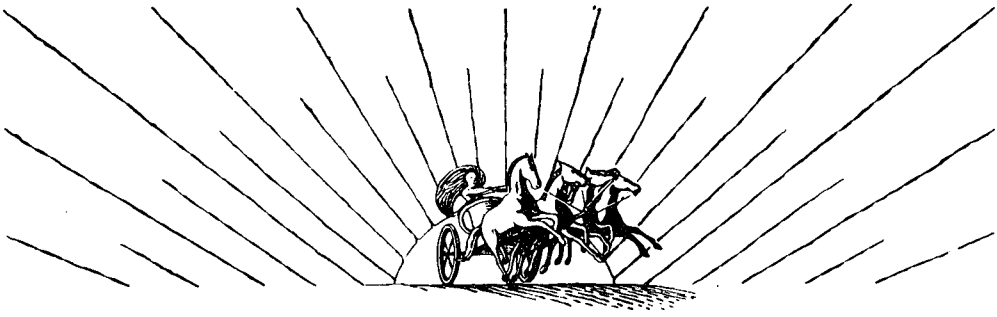

THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL : PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

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STUDY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CLASS-ROOM

May 29, 1926

THE GREAT PACIFIC WAR. Account for the change in the British attitude toward Japan. What was the effect of the Washington Conference on Japanese-American relations? Explain the effect of British anti-Japanese propaganda on British interests in China. What is the Asiatic Exclusion Act? Summarize the charges made against Japan and this writer's refutation of them.

CONFLICTING DOCTRINES IN CENTRAL EUROPE. Define the chief point of friction between France and Italy. What is the main problem in German-Italian relations? Comment on Mussolini's proposal for partitioning Austria. Has it had historical precedents? Explain Italy's relations with the Little Entente.

'HANDY,' THE LAW OVER THE BORDER. What is the importance of the work here described? Locate the Peshawar district, the Mahsud and Wazir borders, Kohat. Explain: 'the Birthday Honors list.' Narrate the events of January, 1923.

REPAIRING THE SPHINX. When, by whom, and for what purpose was the Sphinx originally constructed? What modifications has it undergone during its history? Describe the work undertaken this winter by the Egyptian Department of Antiquities. Discuss the defence here made of restoration work.

A MAKER OF MYTHOLOGIES. What books of Lord Dunsany's have you read? Compare him with any other similar author you have studied.

THE THEATRE IN ULSTER. Name some of the present playwrights in Northern Ireland. Why has Ulster lagged behind the Free State in theatrical development?

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Next Week

THE BRITISH COAL SITUATION

By C. F. G. Masterman

The general economic background of the late troubles in England must be understood before the merits of the case can be decided. A former member of the Cabinet, who was in charge of the department dealing with coal, analyzes the large aspects of the question.

AFTER LIBYA, WHAT?

By Édouard Rossier

Mussolini's recent jaunt to Northern Africa has of course been given a political interpretation. A Swiss publicist shows what some of its consequences may be.

THE RIDDLE OF CELLULOSE

By Professor Doctor Ebner

Human beings, potatoes, and artificial silk are all made of cellulose, yet no one entirely understands its chemical or physical nature. A German scientist explains what is known about it at the moment, giving special emphasis to some recent discoveries.

THE FRENCH CHILD AT HOME AND AT SCHOOL

By Cloudesley Brereton

A chapter on 'Children in French Literature,' says this writer, might be as concise as the famous chapter on 'Snakes in Ireland': 'There are no snakes in Ireland.' The reasons for this indifference to the child on the part of French writers, and the results of it, are amusingly set forth.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 329 — *MAY 29, 1926* — NO. 4273

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

DEBT SETTLEMENTS

ITALY is jubilant over the ratification of her debt pact with Washington, while France is depressed rather than elated at the signing of her debt accord with us. Italy's official press interpreted the Senate's ratification as a Fascist victory over intriguing Freemasons, conspiring Socialists, and other enemies of Mussolini in America. France faces the prospect of remaining a debtor of the two great Anglo-Saxon Powers to the average amount of well toward two hundred million dollars annually for more than half a century with anything but rosy anticipations. *Le Figaro* summarized the advantages of the accord as, first, a reduction in the sum total of payments, and, second, the incorporation of the commercial debt in the general settlement. Its disadvantages are that there is no safeguarding clause and no written engagement relieving France in case of Germany's default, and the fact that the reduction in total amount is considerably less than was granted Italy. Senator Debierre impressed upon his countrymen in *L'Ère Nouvelle* that every move that France makes toward substituting certainty for uncertainty in her financial affairs is a step toward stability and strengthened solvency, and in the long run toward assured national prosperity. That apparently is the chief consolation that the country draws from the settlement.

How nervous the public mind abroad has become under the obsession of these obligations to America is indicated by the sensational rumors that find credence there regarding our intentions concerning them. Shortly before the agreement was signed in Washington a report was current on the boulevards to the effect that President Coolidge proposed to insist upon America's right to 'control' French finances, which suggests putting Paris in the same category with Peking. In Brussels, Wall Street rather than Washington is feared as a financial master. Pertinax, the peppery leader-writer of *L'Écho de Paris*, has this to say upon that subject: —

> Having satisfied all the demands of her creditor, Belgium requested from him a stabilization loan of a hundred million dollars. The creditor examined her budget

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and made her cut down her allotments for national defense. Then he discovered that certain administrative expenses were not figured in the railway budget, but had been shifted to the general budget of the Government. In order to assure himself that the roads would be run on a strictly sound business basis, so as to be safe security for the loan, he demanded that they be placed under an international board of control and that the English General Manse should be appointed to manage them. When the Cabinet at Brussels objected, he modified his demands and asked for gilt-edged securities to guarantee his advances; and not trusting those of Belgium itself, he asked for four hundred million francs of the stocks and bonds of the Société Générale de Belgique which operates the rich mines of Katanga in the Congo. . . . We know what to expect in connection with private advances (from America) by the recent proposal of the Foundation Company. M. Doumer, before leaving the Ministry of Finance, rejected the offer of a loan, which was to be secured by a mortgage on certain property belonging to the Government, including the buildings occupied by the Ministry of Justice, the Ministry of the Interior, the Navy Office, and other structures.

✻

TURBULENT POLAND

PREMONITIONS of the present troubles in Poland have darkened that country's horizon for several months. Back of them lies the Government's inability to live within its revenues — an ambition to put on Rolls-Royce style with a Ford income. Vast sums have been spent upon the army, as was natural enough for a young country with powerful and restless neighbors on either frontier. The desire to develop a great seaport that would render the country entirely independent of the Free City of Danzig for a salt-water outlet is also natural. It was normal, considering all the circumstances attending setting up a new administration, for the Civil Service to get out of hand and become more or less of an economic incubus. A hundred very necessary things that the nation wanted and that required money had to be done, and it was very natural that politicians should embark the State upon new enterprises and take a chance of getting money later to finance them. But the inevitable result of all this has been inflation. To be sure, stern measures were taken to check this evil. A new currency was introduced and was kept for a time at par. But this rehabilitation resulted in a shrinkage of liquid capital and a business crisis which the country did not have resources to tide over. Moreover, the Government's deficits continued. When the Cabinet tried to cut down the railway staff, for example, to the number that was properly required to operate the trains, the politicians put in a veto. And this went on throughout the public services. Land reforms, urgently demanded by and long since promised to the peasants, were deferred and again deferred. Finally, the economy programme began to touch the military establishment and was resisted there. Meanwhile personal factors aggravated the situation.

The latter have culminated in an army quarrel of far-reaching political implications. Before the war, many Polish officers held high rank in the Austrian service, and on account of this advantage became the West Pointers of the new army organized when their country became independent. Marshal Pilsudski and his Legionaries, on the other hand, were irregulars, or militiamen, and the Marshal, despite his high post, never received military training in the army of a Great Power. The two cliques have naturally fallen apart. Not long ago General Szeptcki, Chief of the Army Inspectorate at Krakow, was compelled

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to resign, and General Haller, well known in America during the war, who is now — or at least was until very recently — Chief of the General Staff, has been the target of bitter attack in the Pilsudski press.

Pilsudski, who had been living in quasi-retirement until his recent sensational reappearance upon the political stage, has been freely mentioned for some time as the candidate for a sort of Mussolini dictatorship. But like Mussolini, his ambitions in this direction have been hampered somewhat by his old record as a Democrat and a Socialist. It simply confuses the situation, however, to attempt to identify the Pilsudski movement with Fascism, and to draw an artificial parallel between that leader and Mussolini. The common soldiers and officers of lower rank are said to be Pilsudski's devoted followers, but the General Staff and the higher officers are intensely hostile to him. How much this military discord has had to do with precipitating the present difficulty it is impossible at the moment to say. More or less Monarchist agitation has existed in Poland for some time. But whatever the outcome of the crisis or the true issues that it involves, the precedent of armed revolt, or the seizure of power by military means, is exceedingly ominous for the young republic.

*

'FOR KING AND COUNTRY'

UNDER this title the *Daily Mail* published in its European edition of May 3 the strike leader that precipitated the break between Labor and the British Government, when that journal's printers refused to get out the London issue containing it. The text of this strikingly unincendiary appeal is as follows: —

The miners after weeks of negotiation have declined the proposals made to them, and the coal mines of Britain are idle.

The Council of the Trades-Union Congress, which represents all the other trade-unions, has determined to support the miners by going to the extreme of ordering a general strike.

This determination alters the whole position. The coal industry, which might have been reorganized with good-will on both sides, seeing that some 'give and take' is plainly needed to restore it to prosperity, has now become the subject of a great political struggle, which the nation has no choice but to face with the utmost coolness and the utmost firmness.

We do not wish to say anything hard about the miners themselves. As to their leaders, all we need say at this moment is that some of them are — and have openly declared themselves — under the influence of people who mean no good to Great Britain.

A general strike is not an industrial dispute. It is a revolutionary movement intended to inflict suffering upon the great mass of innocent persons in the community and thereby to put forcible constraint upon the Government.

It is a movement which can only succeed by destroying the Government and subverting the rights and liberties of the people.

This being the case, it cannot be tolerated by any civilized Government, and it must be dealt with by every resource at the disposal of the community.

A state of emergency and national danger has been proclaimed to resist the attack.

We call upon all law-abiding men and women to hold themselves at the service of King and country.

*

A WORD FOR THE RIFFI

ALEXANDER LANGLET, of the Stockholm *Tidningen*, has contributed to the *Spectator*, under the title 'A War without Doctors,' an account of medical conditions as he saw them in the Rif. Before leaving for a trip to that country, he inquired through the Swedish Red Cross whether it proposed to assist

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the Riffi, and was told that the latter did not want the organization's aid, or, in any case, had not applied for it. During a journey of two months through the country, however, he learned that such assistance was not only urgently needed, but was eagerly sought. Only two doctors — one a Norwegian *masseur* from Tangier, subsequently disabled by illness, and the other a Negro who had been a doctor's assistant in Algiers — were in medical attendance upon the Riffi. Both of the two small field hospitals organized by the tribesmen had been bombarded and destroyed by Spanish airmen, and medical supplies were practically exhausted. Spanish aviators have made a point of bombarding Riffian towns and market places, which are, 'unfortunately, particularly good targets owing to the varied colors of the women's clothes,' with the result that the casualties among civilians are unusually high. 'The Spaniards, — never the French, — especially of late, have frequently employed incendiary bombs and gas bombs, the victims of which urgently require competent medical assistance. I have come across people who suffered from the results of both kinds of bombs.'

This writer then adds that apart from these facts 'there is another aspect of the exclusion of the Red Cross from the Riffi which lays upon Spain and France a very concrete responsibility toward their own people. Those who are in the very direst need of medical assistance among the Riffi and who suffer most owing to the absence of it are not the Riffian fighters themselves, nor their civil population, but the French and, above all, the Spanish prisoners.' Here the writer pauses to refute tales to the effect that the Riffi are mistreating their prisoners. 'I have ascertained most unmistakably from captured officers that they are treated as prisoners of war and that all tales of atrocities and other violence toward them are inventions.' Nevertheless, the hardships of these prisoners, who number well toward a thousand, are severe. They have 'the same food as the Riffian soldiers, but, whereas the latter thrive well on coarse bread and oil, Europeans readily contract chronic digestive trouble, decline, and die.'

The Red Cross organizations of several neutral countries — Great Britain, Sweden, and Holland — and the Turkish Red Crescent, a Mohammedan society of a similar character, have applied for permission to send medical aid to these people. 'The reply of the Spanish Government was that the Riffi could not be regarded as belligerents but only as rebels, and that no international intervention, "*même purement charitable*," would be permitted. France, in spite of direct applications, — among others, privately to M. Steeg (the Resident-General of Morocco) and M. Painlevé, — has preferred to maintain diplomatic silence.'

*

ABYSSINIA IN THE LIMELIGHT

We have already referred to Italy's alleged designs on Abyssinia and Britain's — also alleged — benevolent attitude toward them. After all, Abyssinia borders on the Sudan, from whose torrid plains its plateaus afford a cool and convenient refuge, so that a slice of her territories might make a desirable economic appanage, at least, to the new cotton empire England is creating on the Upper Nile. Of course, Abyssinia is a full-fledged member of the League of Nations, and, even if she should fall under the effective jurisdiction of an Italo-British entente, she might be permitted to keep a sort of conscience-saving ghost of self-rule. She owes the preservation of her

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independence amid Europe's scramble for spoils in Africa to two facts — the fighting qualities of her mountaineers, which enabled her practically to wipe out Italy's invading forces at Adua thirty years ago, and the fact that she has been nominally a Christian country ever since the third century A.D., and consequently has not invited the presence of European missionaries whose wrongs might furnish a convenient excuse for annexation.

The present situation, however, is not a new one. Twenty years ago France, Italy, and England concluded an agreement 'to maintain intact the integrity of Ethiopia,' and the diplomatic world recognizes, of course, that an accord with such a preamble sometimes prefaces the benevolent assimilation of the territory or government whose integrity is thus guaranteed. What it is proposed to do now, apparently, is to let Italy connect her barren colonies of Eritrea and Somaliland, which border Abyssinia on the northeast and southeast, by a railroad crossing the latter country's territory. Since airplanes and poison gas have become the recognized weapons of civilization, the Abyssinians themselves are hardly in a position to resist, and, since no signs of petroleum have been discovered in this region, it is not thought that America, either officially or through all-powerful financial agencies, will take a hand in defending the rights of the Government at Addis Abeba. But France has interests there. Her people control the only railway to the capital. She has made it quite plain, since the present discussion came up, that she intends to uphold the sanctity of treaties, particularly as Abyssinia is her special protégé in the League.

Our readers may recall that sensational accounts appeared in the British press some time ago describing alleged slave-raids starting from Abyssinia as their base, and the persistence of at least a modified form of slavery in that country. Now the question arises whether this indignation, well justified as it was in a certain sense, did not perhaps have some ulterior motive. The upper waters of the Blue Nile, along whose lower course Britain is investing large sums in irrigation works, flow through Northern Abyssinia, and a great irrigation scheme, plans for which are resting in the files of the British Foreign Office, is said to have been worked out in connection with Lake Tana in that region.

*

MINOR NOTES

ACCORDING to figures compiled by two Swiss physicians, MM. Hercod and Keller, from the official statistics of seven European Governments, the people of France consume the most, and the people of Germany the least, alcohol per capita in those countries. The figures, computed in litres of 100-degree alcohol contained in alcoholic beverages, are as follows: France, 17.51; Spain, 15.81; Italy, 13.78; Switzerland, 11.82; Belgium, 8.99; Great Britain, 6.23; and Germany, 2.71. The absolute consumption of alcohol is highest among the wine-drinking nations. The amount consumed in the form of distilled liquors is largest in Switzerland, where it amounts to 3.79 litres, and is next largest in Spain, where it amounts to 2.97 litres. France ranks third in the consumption of spirits with 2.32 litres. Apparently, therefore, high wine-consumption and high spirits-consumption go together. Belgium imbibes more alcohol in its beer than any other country, or 7.23 litres, while Great Britain ranks second with 4.88. Germany apparently belies her bibulous reputation as the land of Gambrinus — partly on

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account of the relatively low alcoholic content of the fermented liquors she consumes.

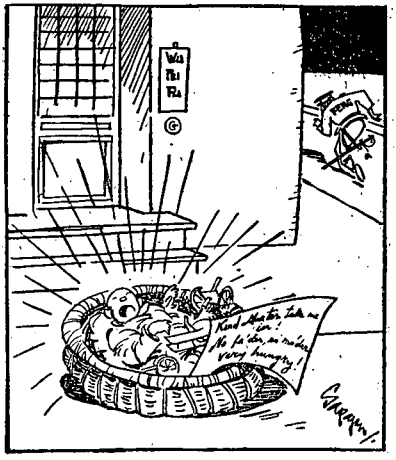
SINCE 1921 the population of Paris has decreased by twenty-five thousand, or at the rate of about five thousand per annum. This loss is accounted for by the movement of people into the surrounding country. Nevertheless the housing shortage is as serious as ever, because, to quote *Le Progrès Civique*, 'the Parisians have been driven out by banks, shops, cinemas, and music halls,' which are occupying the buildings where they formerly resided.

MEXICO has taken alarm at the isolation of Lower California, which is gradually alienating its inhabitants, not numerous at best, from the parent country. According to Mexico City dailies, the Government plans to send to its peripheral communities in the peninsula 'delegations of teachers whose duty it will be, not only to teach the natives what Mexico is, but also to teach them to respect and love her.'

THE HYPNOTIZER

MUSSOLINI. 'You see here Europe's heart, head, and fist — not her boot.'
— *Nebelspalter*, Zurich

THE PEKING GOVERNMENT



ANOTHER DESERTED CHILD
— *North China Herald*, Shanghai

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'THE GREAT PACIFIC WAR'[1]

AN INDICTMENT OF MILITARY ALARMISTS

BY GEORGE BRONSON REA

FOR twenty years Japan was a protégé of Great Britain, a pupil who sat at her feet and learned the rules of the international game of politics as it was then played. She was an apt scholar, a worthy disciple of a great master. For twenty years Japan's naval policies and international political programme were dictated by Great Britain. Japanese diplomacy and outlook on world affairs conformed rigidly to principles laid down by Downing Street. During all these years not one attack was made by British writers upon the good faith and probity of their 'honorable ally.' On the contrary, Japan was extolled in words of exaggerated praise for her lofty conception of loyalty, her wonderful fighting spirit, and the unexcelled patriotism of her people. British writers at that time took no chances that world opinion might be antagonistic to an ally whose loyal coöperation might at any moment become essential for the further preservation of their Empire. These glowing tributes to the sterling qualities of the Japanese people and the dignity and constancy of their rulers were endorsed on every appropriate occasion by official spokesmen for the British Government. Repeated assurances have been given to the world by the highest British authorities that Japan faithfully carried out every provision of the Alliance, and as cheerfully contributed her full share toward winning the war for the Allies. In effect, while the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was in force the world heard nothing about Japan's alleged political immoralities from the pens of British writers.

When the time arrived, however, and it seemed good politics to throw overboard a faithful partner in order to conciliate and win the friendship of a more powerful and desirable ally, British writers were smitten by an epidemic of amnesia. With some notable exceptions, British experts on Far Eastern questions ignored all that had gone before. In their haste to discredit Japan they overlooked that her highly magnified and distorted international sins were traceable in large part to twenty years of intimate association with the policies of their own Government, disregarding the obvious conclusion that, if Japan had changed overnight from a bosom friend and bedfellow into an enemy to world peace, they themselves stood self-accused before the world of having concealed and condoned her alleged political shortcomings when their own interests were in jeopardy.

The intensity of this skillfully directed, utterly misleading and one-sided anti-Japanese propaganda was successful in destroying British confidence in Japan, and worked the Americans up

[1] From the *Far Eastern Review* (Shanghai commercial and engineering monthly), *March*

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to such a high pitch of emotion that hostilities seemed inevitable. Japan was held up to world scorn and reprobation, branded as another Germany, in order that when the conflict came she should stand alone, friendless, and bereft of sympathy, aid, or consolation from neutrals.

The acknowledged leader of the British war propaganda visited the Far East at that time collecting ammunition for the new Anglo-American crusade, and after consulting with the anti-Japanese leaders determined to lend his powerful aid to the campaign then in full swing. The first step in the drama that would permit Great Britain to remain neutral when America called for a 'show-down' in the Pacific was the cancellation of her alliance with Japan. In order to create a sentiment in support of this move, it became necessary to discredit Japan, tarnish her good name, and accuse her of disloyalty to British interests in China — occasion for which was found in one of the Twenty-one Demands on China in which Japan desired certain railway concessions in the Yangtze Valley, at that time held by the British as their own special preserve, despite the fact that they had previously shared their interests with the French, Germans, Belgians, and Americans, and that Japan had advanced over thirty million yen to the Hanyehping Corporation and obtained a first mortgage on its valuable coal and iron mines and steel plant situated in the very heart of the Yangtze region. The exigencies of the post-war international situation and the demand for a closer alliance between the two great white Powers called for a complete revulsion of British sentiment toward a faithful ally, the disavowal of previous eulogies, and a withdrawal of moral support. This task Lord Northcliffe evidently set out to accomplish when he transformed the *Times* from the apologist and champion of Japan into her most biased critic.

But with all this concentration of heavy journalistic artillery on the heads of the Japanese, the propaganda to provoke hostilities in the Pacific succeeded only in part. Thanks to American common sense and the high order of American and Japanese diplomacy which characterized the Washington Conference, the main objective of the campaign was made impossible of realization for ten years, and a rapid change for the better in the relations between Japan and America has since effectively destroyed any possibility that a similar campaign can be successfully renewed. The campaign was effective only in so far as it prevented a renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. Instead of isolating Japan in advance of the 'show-down' with America, the British swapped an alliance with teeth in it, which very adequately protected their vital imperial interests, for a four-Power substitute whose molars were scientifically and painlessly extracted by a skilled American dentist.

The real losers in this game of diplomatic and journalistic wits were the British merchants and manufacturers who saw their former splendid trade with Japan handed over to American competitors without acquiring compensating advantages in China, where, owing to Japanese activity, their hold on the cotton-goods market is being rapidly undermined. Instead of demonstrating practical appreciation for the British attitude in canceling an alliance which they and their British sympathizers had vehemently declared was responsible for all their political woes, the Chinese lost no time in turning on their friends the tactics so successfully employed in penalizing Japan through boycotts.

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strikes, demonstrations, inflammatory handbills, and vicious journalistic propaganda.

The British authorities in Hongkong, recognizing the gravity of the situation, did all in their power to avert the impending storm by extending the glad hand of friendship to Dr. Sun Yat-sen and offering to work in co-operation with Canton. All their efforts at conciliation were negatived by a persistent and vituperative campaign directed by British journalists in Peking against the Southern leader. Sun Yat-sen retaliated, and British commercial interests paid the price. After inflicting serious losses on British shipping and commerce through strikes and boycotts, Sun Yat-sen threw in his lot with Soviet Russia and made his wing of the Kuomingtang Party the instrument for Bolshevizing his country. Exact figures are unobtainable, but it is not far from the truth to state that, for every yen lost by Japan as a result of the anti-Japanese boycott, British interests in China have since suffered to the same extent in Mexican dollars.

The remarkable feature of this campaign is that at no time since its inception has any responsible official of the British Government publicly endorsed, even by innuendo, the charges of bad faith hurled against Japan. The campaign launched in Peking during the last year of the Great War, and waged with such intensity until silenced by the Washington Conference, compelled Japan to retire from her positions in Siberia and Northern Manchuria, destroying the only bulwark between China and the onward march of Bolshevism and opening wide the door for the unobstructed reëntrance of Russia into her old position in Eastern Asia. The result of this misdirected activity is now before the world. China lies prostrate, a hopeless wreck, overrun and governed by the jackals of Moscow.

The Washington Conference brought peace to the Pacific for a period of ten years, and ensured the four interested Powers against a conflict in this region by a limitation of naval armaments which made it strategically awkward for the smaller Japanese navy to engage the American fleet with any hope of victory. This pact was reënforced by a further Eight-Power treaty which recognized the full sovereignty of China, abolished spheres of influence and special privileges, and presented the tottering republic with a new Magna Charta. The significance of this supplementary but equally important undertaking has been studiously ignored by many writers whose interest in the Washington proceedings began and ended with the pact for the limitation of naval armaments. It is well to recall, however, that, not content with writing an insurance policy guaranteeing the peace of the Pacific for ten years, American diplomacy made assurance doubly sure by eliminating through the medium of the Eight-Power pact all possible causes for war with Japan over China.

The war scare, based on a supposititious violation of China's integrity by Japan, in which America was to pose as the champion of China, was brought to an abrupt termination. No intelligent anti-Japanese agitator, no matter how rabid he may be, would have the audacity at this late date to resurrect this bogy as a reason why America should fight Japan.

But the lull in the war propaganda was only of short duration. Hardly two months had elapsed after the closing of the Washington Conference when a new peril was conjured up to keep alive the flagging war spirit in America. This time an entirely novel angle was given the situation. Accusa-

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tions began to appear in the world press that Japan had embarked on a secret naval construction programme in open violation of the spirit of the treaty by building a fleet of auxiliary vessels that would even up the discrepancy in the capital-ship quota allotted to her.

It was rather an extraordinary situation. The American Government maintains a very elaborate embassy in Tokyo staffed with expert military and naval observers supplemented by a competent and wide-awake consular corps and commercial service. In addition, there are a number of student interpreters attached to the diplomatic service, and several army and navy language officers studying in the country. Several very clever correspondents of leading American newspapers and news syndicates make Tokyo their headquarters for the Far East, and very little of importance escapes their keen notice. Scores of American business men and missionaries familiar with the language and possessing the full confidence of the Japanese enjoy unusual facilities for knowing what is going on in that country. Yet with these superior advantages for accurate observation on the part of Americans it is rather illuminating to ponder over the fact that the reports that once more charged the Japanese with bad faith emanated from British sources.

It was only a few months prior to the discovery of this situation that the American people learned for the first time of a secret Sino-American treaty of alliance drawn up in Peking in anticipation of hostilities between Japan and America. The treaty was complete in every detail of military and naval coöperation. The Chinese were to hold the Gulf of Chihli, embarrass the Japanese, and keep the road to Peking open pending the arrival of the American expeditionary forces. China was to place her ports at the disposition of the American fleet and supply food and war materials. The real fighting was to have been done by the Americans, thus duplicating China's previous secret treaty of alliance with Russia, in which she handed over her territory and ports and conceded the railway rights for the Russian armies to get into a favorable position to crush Japan.

The facts surrounding the existence of this interesting document were given to the world in a book written by 'Putnam Weale,' one of the British advisers to the Chinese Government. A fuller and more elaborate official report to the President of China, describing his work abroad during the Washington Conference, subsequently appeared in the British-edited *Peking and Tientsin Times*. The publication of these secrets revealed an almost unbelievable situation. No American in Peking had ever heard of this remarkable treaty! Officials of the American Legation, the American naval and military attachés, and the American advisers to the Chinese Government had been kept in complete ignorance of the existence of such a document, and Washington was equally unconscious of the important rôle assigned to the United States in this amazing partnership.

Failure on the part of the American Legation at Peking to attach sufficient importance to the story and deny it as soon as it appeared provided an opportunity for the Japanese Foreign Office to bring it to the attention of the American Ambassador at Tokyo, who cabled the story to Washington. The response that came sizzling back over the wires from Washington authorized Ambassador Warren to deny *in toto* the facts as stated, and sent him posthaste by the next express train to

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Peking, where, from all reports, he read the riot act to a group of Americans who had permitted themselves and their Government to be placed in such a ridiculous position. Investigation disclosed that the British adviser to the President of China had drafted the treaty of alliance in anticipation of the hostilities which then seemed unavoidable, and when abroad on an official mission connected with the Washington Conference had exhibited the document to the Prime Minister of Canada and other high British officials in order to strengthen his own propaganda for the cancellation of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

Subsequently Japan was again accused of inaugurating an extensive programme of cruiser-construction, in addition to building a fleet of auxiliary vessels whose relative value had been proportionately increased by the restriction of battleship tonnage, thus violating the spirit, if not the letter, of the Washington Conference in a manner which very materially affects the efficacy of the agreement. Once again Japan was held up to world criticism for alleged disloyalty to a solemn treaty, and notwithstanding that the charges were very fully and satisfactorily answered by responsible Japanese naval authorities, the story served its purpose in the great game of propaganda directed by the world's masters of the profession. Such charges had the desired effect of fanning into a blaze the dying embers of American resentment against Japan, and a new war-campaign was opened with greater vigor. Aided by advocates for a greater American navy in pressing for larger appropriations to meet the changed situation, the campaign grew in intensity until President Coolidge proposed a new conference to check the growth of minor naval armaments — a plan which received such lukewarm support from the interested Powers that it had to be abandoned. After all, there was no great secrecy surrounding Japan's new naval programme. She had no difficulty in convincing her partners in the armament pact that her much criticized activities were well within the quota assigned her.

There is another side to this picture — a Japanese point of view, which by the application of the same logic places British and America in the position of violating the spirit of the Washington treaties, and fully justifies Japan in taking any measures to protect herself.

Confiding in the honor of America and Great Britain, Japan cheerfully accepted the five-five-three programme handing over world naval supremacy to the Anglo-American fleets, and placing herself in a hopelessly inferior position in the event of the combination turning on her at some crisis arising out of the perennial racial controversy. The mere fact that Japan gracefully and unconditionally signed away her power for aggression is the strongest evidence that she will never carry the racial question to the point of inviting swift humiliation and defeat from the combined white Powers.

Notwithstanding this pledge of peaceful intent, the armament treaties had not yet been ratified when to Japan's consternation a furious campaign was opened in the British press and Parliament for the immediate construction of a huge naval base at Singapore, followed by a similar agitation in the United States for an equally formidable naval stronghold at Pearl Harbor. After stripping the Japanese of their power of defense, they were to be hemmed in by the two great white naval Powers, their surplus population denied an outlet in the Pacific, and, by the operation of the

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Eight-Power treaty, deprived of their legitimate hope of expanding economically in China. Viewed from this angle, the Japanese saw themselves set apart as a race prohibited from participating on equal terms with other peoples in the struggle for existence, and viewed with justifiable alarm the closing of the net that would terminate their career as a great Power.

There had been too much anti-Japanese propaganda leading up to the abrogation of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. The Japanese did not forget its significance. Nor could they disregard the clear and unmistakable warning conveyed in the call for white unity against the Asiatic menace — a cry so strong and determined from her white dominions that Great Britain reluctantly sacrificed her alliance with Japan in order to save her Empire from disruption. Imagine then the amazement of the Japanese when, in addition to all the other strategical arguments advanced to defend the immediate construction of the Singapore base, they read in the British press that, in the event of war between Japan and America, Singapore would become the operating base for the American fleet!

Was this the reason America so willingly abandoned her plans for fortifying the Philippines? Was the plan proposed by Secretary Hughes on the opening of the Washington Conference arrived at after a secret understanding with Great Britain? When we enter the realms of fiction and invent plausible reasons for accusing another nation of bad faith, deceit, and sinister designs, Japan is equally entitled to indulge in flights of fancy and conjure up phantoms against her security that place America and Great Britain in a most unenviable light.

The storm created by the naval scare, however, soon blew over. Japan and America settled down with a firm resolve to smooth out their differences and strengthen their commercial ties. The Asiatic Exclusion Act seemed to offer an opportunity to resurrect the war scare, which, in view of Japan's pledge embraced in the armament pact, failed of its purpose. Americans became more and more convinced of Japan's good faith, correct deportment, and desire to be friendly. A complete and harmonious understanding between Washington and Tokyo in regard to China superseded mutual distrust of each other's aims in that country. The American and Japanese financial groups faithfully reflected the attitude of their respective Governments, and on the foundation of this new confidence American capital began to flow into Japan. The earthquake disaster brought to the surface the real American sentiment toward Japan and cemented the bonds which even Japanese indignation over the Exclusion Act was powerless to break. Several Japanese loans were successfully floated on the New York market, and the coöperation of American capital in important Japanese industrial enterprises completed the great work of the Washington Conference. All reasonable causes for war between the two nations have been eliminated. A pretext for hostilities can exist only in the pages of fiction.

Nevertheless, European opinion is practically unanimous in that Japan and America must fight. Nothing can shake that belief, and every incident that can be twisted to support this view is employed to fortify this conviction. The wish is undoubtedly the father to the thought. If America and Japan were to come to grips in the Pacific the European war-debt controversy would come to an abrupt termination. The gold that rolled into the coffers of Japan and America during the great conflict would then roll back to its

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original strong-boxes in Europe. The debt would be evened up. Japan would be so seriously crippled financially and industrially as to eliminate her for another quarter-century as a competitor in the markets of Asia. American shipping in the Pacific would disappear and the trade and development of China would be handed over to Europe. The real losers in such a conflict would be the two combatants. The fruits of victory would go to the onlookers. It is not difficult to understand the selfish European point of view or the stimulus behind this propaganda.

The favorite cause of war between Japan and America, as conjured up by British and European writers, invariably involves Japan's violation of the open door in China. For example, Mr. Hector C. Bywater, a British naval critic, in his new technical novel, *The Great Pacific War, 1931–1933*, creates an imaginary incident to bring matters to a head in the great conflict which he imagines occurring at that date. He says: —

'In October the Peking Government granted to an American syndicate, headed by Mr. Waldo Sayers, the well-known New York financier, a concession to work the Green Mountain iron and coal fields of Kiangsi, an upper province of the Yangtze Valley, where exceptionally rich deposits had been found by American prospectors. Japan forthwith addressed a note of protest to Peking, pointing out that, since the district referred to was one in which Japanese had hitherto been recognized as paramount, the validity of this concession to the nationals of another Power could not be admitted by her. The Chinese Government, in reply, pointed out that Kiangsi province was not mentioned as a Japanese enclave in any existing convention or treaty between the two countries, so that the Chinese Government was fully justified in granting such a concession to the American syndicate. The Japanese rejoinder to this note was brusque, and even threatening, but Peking stood firm. There the matter rested for the moment, while Mr. Sayers continued his preparations for developing the concession, though the Japanese press boasted in violent language that neither he nor any other foreigner would be permitted to raise a ton of coal or iron from the Kiangsi mines.'

This sounds like a good case against Japan. Mr. Bywater intentionally selects a possibility that would most certainly draw forth a vigorous protest from Japan and then carefully conceals the other side of the story which justifies her action. No question of the Open Door is involved in such an imaginary controversy, but there is a very clear case of equity. Briefly stated, the Japanese have advanced to date over forty-five million yen to the Hanyehping Corporation, and hold a first lien on its valuable coal and iron mines in the Kiangsi region and on its steel mills at Hanyang. The original loan of twenty-five million yen was made in 1913, since when the Japanese have been compelled to pour out further millions in order to keep the company afloat and save their investment. At no time since the original loan was defaulted have they been able to foreclose their mortgage or even assume technical direction over the properties that would place them on a paying basis. Supported by an anti-Japanese foreign opinion, the Chinese have steadily rejected all propositions that would hand over control to the Japanese, who are forced to watch their huge investment depreciate without hope of intervening to save it.

As with the Hanyehping properties in Kiangsi, so with the Kiangsi Pro-

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vincial Railway, which owes the Japanese over fifteen million dollars and cannot meet even the interest, let alone repay the principal. The Japanese cannot foreclose their mortgage or take over the management and operation of the line. Over sixty million yen of Japanese capital is therefore secured by properties situated for the most part in the Kiangsi region, the only return being the insufficient cargoes of iron ore, which under the terms of the original Hanyehping loan agreement are shipped from Tayeh to Japan.

Past experience tells us that the Chinese would jump at the chance to involve Japan with America over the Open Door principle in exactly the manner predicted by Mr. Bywater in his book, and in view of her investments in Kiangsi it is a foregone conclusion that Japan would vigorously protest a concession to American or any other capitalists to work the iron and coal fields of the Kiangsi region unless her own rights to equal opportunity were immediately recognized. Japan would not object to a dozen American syndicates working the mines of Kiangsi, but she would undoubtedly insist upon the liquidation of her outstanding loans on similar properties in the province, or on being given the right to foreclose or take over their operation. Mr. Bywater's selection of an imaginary *casus belli* is therefore not a happy one. America is not going to war with Japan or any other nation over a Chinese concession.

The door to equal opportunity in China has stood open for twenty-seven years, and every American who has passed through its portals to explore the other side has been gold-bricked. The Open Door has been a standing invitation for unsophisticated Americans to enter and drop their wad. Not one American has carried through a Chinese concession, for the simple reason that in every case the contract concealed a joker that made it necessary for the United States to go to war with some other Power enjoying prior rights in the premises. Outside of our participation in the Hukwang Loan, not one cent of American capital is invested in China's railways or major industrial enterprises. Our stake in the country is purely an academic one, and our continued interest in the preservation of the Open Door principle arises from a hope that some day in the distant future the Chinese market and investment field may contribute to our economic welfare. Although it is highly probable that America would view with grave concern any attempt to deprive her trade of equal opportunity in China, she would not be stirred over the loss of a concession.

It can be demonstrated by actual figures that American interest in China is not so much a question of trade as it is one of philanthropy. China is America's pet charity, our favorite field for the expenditure of surplus millions in missionary and educational work. For every dollar in profits derived from exports to China, Americans spend two dollars in uplift work among the Chinese people, giving employment to an army of men and women who outnumber those engaged in the pursuit of commerce. American policy toward China is moulded by its citizens who have the greatest stake in the country, and our diplomatic envoy is selected for a special fitness to represent the educational and missionary element. It is only necessary to recall President Wilson's rejoinder to Mr. Morganthau when the latter expressed the desire to be appointed Minister to Peking, instead of to Constantinople, to appreciate that our philanthropic interests in China are of far greater importance than our trade. When war alarmists base their argu-

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ments on some probable infraction of the Open Door as a reason why America must fight Japan, they overlook the essential truth that a change must come over our trade relations with China that makes them a stake worth fighting for. It is inconceivable that America should go to war over a principle which, on analysis, resolves itself into a right to continue in business as a charitable institution.

It is also well to bear in mind, when discussing the possibilities of a war with Japan arising out of some infraction of the Open Door principle, that American trade with China does not conflict in any essential or basic commodity with Japanese products. Exact figures are perhaps difficult to obtain, but it is not far from the truth to state that a large percentage of America's trade with China is carried on by Japanese firms whose activities as agents of American manufacturers have materially contributed toward expanding the Chinese markets for our products. There are at present absolutely no points of contact between Japan and America in the Chinese market that might lead to serious misunderstanding, and as the years pass a much stronger spirit of coöperation may be expected to characterize these relations.

Those who have the most to lose from the keen competition of Japan in the Chinese market are not Americans. Japan controls about sixty per cent of China's textile industry, and the products of her domestic looms make her a very formidable rival to Manchester for the China piece-goods trade. Japanese steamers engaged in China's coastwise and riverine services have taken much profitable traffic from the older-established British shipping interests. Japanese investments in China in the aggregate are probably greater than those of Great Britain. The day is rapidly drawing nearer when Japan's trade and investments will give her the preponderating influence in the country — a fact that will automatically strengthen her diplomatic position in any future international conference convened to discuss Chinese affairs. The time will arrive when the other interested Powers must concede the leadership to the nation with the greatest stake in the country.

In every way the nation that has the most to gain from the peaceful development of China under the Open Door principle is Japan. Now that American and British Asiatic exclusion laws force her increasing population to seek an outlet on the mainland of Asia, or else to remain at home and solve its problem through industry, Japan imperatively needs a near-by field for the investment of capital that will ensure a steady stream of raw materials for her mills and factories.

It is folly to assume that a nation with so much to gain would deliberately throw away its chances of success by any act that might invite the lasting hatred of the Chinese people and destroy its international standing by flagrantly breaking a solemn treaty. As long as Japan adheres to her present policy toward China, and works in complete harmony with America for the maintenance of the Open Door principle, the peace of the Pacific is in no danger of being broken. When, in addition, we have the most positive assurance that Japan will never carry the racial issue to the point of hostilities, — a certainty evidenced in her cheerful acceptance of an inferior naval status, — it is reprehensible in the extreme to continue a propaganda based on the assumption that Japan will provoke a crisis by some act of international bad faith.

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CONFLICTING DOCTRINES IN CENTRAL EUROPE[1]

BY JULES SAUERWEIN

FRANCE, intent on Europe's stabilization, and Italy, hostile to every status quo, are predestined to have many a diplomatic set-to in the future. For a rigid maintenance of existing treaties is the first article of France's international creed, while Italy seeks to undermine treaties by private understandings with particular Powers.

Notwithstanding her nominal loyalty to the Versailles settlement, therefore, Italy is out on an eager quest for new political combinations. She varies her plan according as she is dealing with ex-enemy Powers, like Germany, Russia, or Hungary, who want to upset the present arrangements in Europe, or with Powers satisfied with the present situation but alarmed lest it be modified.

Rome's relations with Germany have passed through several phases. She has given her ambassadors at Berlin a rather free hand. At times these gentlemen have apparently encouraged that country to resist the terms of the Treaty. I do not believe for a moment, of course, newspaper reports emanating from Berlin to the effect that in 1923 General Capello offered to sell the Reichswehr arms with which to drive the French out of the Ruhr. That general is a flighty character, who is just now in jail on the charge of plotting to assassinate Mussolini. Besides, if Chancellor Cuno really wanted to attack us, it was not lack of arms that held him back.

Mussolini is instinctively an anti-German. His recent speeches denouncing that country express personal animosity. His reference to German tourists 'dishonoring with their ugliness our Italian palaces' is not likely to be forgotten. I do not believe we shall see a close understanding between the two countries as long as he is Dictator. Nevertheless, responsible German papers are pointing out, apropos of certain of Mussolini's recent utterances, that Germany is the only country able to help Italy realize her colonial dreams. Just now each country distrusts the other, but should the Locarno compacts and Germany's proposed admission to the League come to naught, the two would be automatically drawn together, if only to reach an understanding regarding an ultimate Austro-German union.

That is a theme that naturally preoccupies *il Duce*, and he has thought out several ingenious solutions for the day when union can no longer be prevented. The most tempting is to partition Austria so as to give Italy additional territory in the Tyrol, the Yugoslavs a slice of Carniola and Carinthia, the Hungarians part of the Burgenland, and the Czechs an additional strip along their southern border. This plan has been dwelt upon in several papers, always with the idea that it is to be carried out under the auspices of Italy and without consulting France. Such schemes are evidently designed to save the situation if it comes to the worst. We cannot

[1] From *Le Matin* (Paris boulevard daily), *April* 17

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imagine that Italy would be either safe or comfortable, notwithstanding her prestige as arbiter, with Germany at her gates headed toward the Balkans and the Adriatic, and elbowing on three sides weaker Powers who had been presumptuous enough to incorporate millions of Germans within their boundaries.

Consequently the idea of partitioning Austria has been laid aside for the time being as something to consider as a last resort, and Mussolini is just now busy practising for the rôle of guardian angel to the Little Entente. He revealed this ambition during his late negotiations with Yugoslavia. That country's Foreign Minister, Mr. Ninčič, would have liked to get a security treaty guaranteed jointly by France and Italy. Such a treaty would help to stabilize Europe. But the Duce opposed it. He said to Belgrade, 'Either France or Italy, as you like, but not the two together.'

But mutual confidence is more important than treaties. The States created or enlarged by the Versailles Treaties, still anxious for their own future, instinctively turn toward the Power most vitally interested in preserving the stability of Europe as she is under those treaties. Italy's growing strength imposes on them, but her audacious dreams of expansion, fostered by a single ambitious individual, worry them.

In the Balkans Mussolini, true to his formula, is watching alertly for a chance to seize the wheel of fortune if it comes within his reach. We know how he has been dickering with Yugoslavia. Has he gone so far as to suggest partitioning Albania? Serbia already embraces so many races and territories that she can hardly be enthusiastic over such a project. Nevertheless, the Duce has just sent to Durazzo Baron Aloysi, an aggressive diplomat who is not hunting for sinecures.

Rome's influence over General Pangalos, the Hellenic dictator, is very powerful. At the time when a conflict between England and Turkey seemed more imminent than at present, Sir Austen Chamberlain certainly showed some kindness toward Italy's ambitions in Asia Minor, and Mussolini exchanged views with Greece upon this subject. The Ægean Sea is a sphere where Italy, entrenched in her naval bases at Rhodes and Leros, pursues a policy of watchful waiting. She will not let an opportunity for action there escape her.

Furthermore, England and Italy have unquestionably reached some sort of agreement regarding their respective zones of influence in Abyssinia. Possibly their plans, which were at one time pretty far-reaching, have been amended somewhat for prudential reasons. Nevertheless they are of a character to call forth eventually a vigorous protest from Abyssinia, who, we must bear in mind, is now a member of the League of Nations.

I speak with less assurance of certain overtures between Italy and Moscow. Three years ago the Russians took the initiative in making proposals, and Mussolini committed himself to them pretty heavily. Since then Rome's attitude toward further negotiations has been favorable rather than the reverse.

So we see that, if Italy finds herself really pent in by what she calls the crystallization of Europe, her ruler is shrewdly seeking breaches in the wall that surrounds his country. Unhappily, that wall has only too many weak spots. Since we signed the Locarno Treaties someone has been spreading the idea in several European capitals that France is ready to betray her friends in return for a German alliance. She is being described as a ruined

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country, rent with anarchy, and powerless to defend those who have trusted themselves to her protection. This propaganda is sometimes ascribed to Rome and it is sometimes attributed to other sources. So far as Italy is concerned, we can quite understand its motive, in view of what I have just written. By visiting Tripoli with so much publicity, Mussolini wished to convey the impression that he and his countrymen are seeking a colonial empire. Consequently it is in the Mediterranean, and more particularly in North Africa, that his designs affect the interests of France.

'HANDY,' THE LAW OVER THE BORDER[1]

BY SIR JOHN MAFFEY

[THIS character sketch of Mr. E. C. Handyside, Commandant of the Frontier Constabulary on the Afghan border, who was shot dead last April while searching for outlaws in a frontier hamlet, is written by the former Chief Commissioner of the Northwest Frontier province. It portrays an instance where the white man's burden is no sinecure and where his service is by no means superfluous.]

WHEN we exchanged a parting smile and a grasp of the hand on Peshawar platform, in July 1923, I think we both realized that the end of a long association had come at last. After all, it was always extremely unlikely that 'Handy' would be alive in six months' time. And now he has been shot through the heart in a successful round-up of outlaws in a frontier village.

Evidently his scheme worked out according to plan. He would not mind death, but he would have hated a fiasco; and such was his genius, his flair, his own Handyside touch, that he was never associated with fiasco, though in that wild borderland in which he worked 'the odds are on the cheaper man,' as we learn, year in, year out, to our bitter cost.

There was no doubt that Handyside had in him a call to the Frontier. Happily for the province, he pushed his way in, though he did not rightly belong there. I remember his first arrival in 1913, when I was serving in the Peshawar district, and he got his first chance. He knew nothing of Pathans then and not a word of Pashto. A puny tribe, the Khudukhel, beyond but adjacent to the borders of the Peshawar district, were sheltering criminals and refusing to pay up a fine. There was to be a nocturnal round-up by the Frontier Constabulary, and Handyside got the job. When we drew up our secret plans we did not realize what a tremendous recruit the Frontier had got in this enthusiastic débutant.

The round-up was a great success. Handyside and his men arrested the leading recalcitrants, captured more than enough Khudukhel cattle to pay the fine, and the Khudukhel ate humble

[1] From the *Times* (London Independent Conservative daily), *April 20*

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pie. But with the captive train there marched back the most dejected and pathetic Handyside. Not a shot had been fired! The tribesmen were the most miserable, contemptible, gutless set of rats! The whole fabric of his dreams had crumbled. These illusions did not last long, however, and in strenuous service on the Mahsud and Wazir borders Handyside learned that his dreams had been true, that the Pathan is a man, and the Frontier red in tooth and claw.

Most people are now familiar with the peculiar conditions prevailing on the Northwest Frontier that place such a heavy burden on those responsible for the maintenance of law and order. You have the long line of British districts, prosperous, policed, with good roads over the level plains, all the paraphernalia of Indian administration, irrigation, education, taxation. Alongside stretches the craggy starved borderland of the independent hill tribes, Mahsuds, Afridis, Orakzais, Wazirs, and so forth, of the same religion and the same race as the Pathans in the British districts, but outside the pale of law and order, fanatical, well armed, impoverished. The temptation to raid into the British districts is obvious. Equally obvious is the inducement offered to lawbreakers in the British districts to seek asylum across the border, whence they may still retain touch with their old homes. These outlaws are mostly desperate characters, but not necessarily so. They may have transgressed the law of the British district by playing a part, considered honorable in the society to which they belong, in prosecuting the family blood feuds common in our frontier districts.

But once across the border they must earn the hospitality they receive, and this they do by helping raiding gangs with information and guidance. A vicious circle is established, and such a problem did the increasing number of outlaws present that the local administration was from time to time forced to hold 'Outlaw Conciliation Committees,' on whose recommendation outlaws were allowed back to their homes on easy terms. Naturally crime increased and the problem grew more grave instead of less grave.

An entire change of policy was necessary, and these details have been given in order to show the background against which Handyside worked and in order to emphasize the fact that he was an instrument, a wonderful instrument, of a definite policy, not a mere lucky opportunist in a losing game.

That policy was to strike at the roots of outlawry. No more conciliation. Let the outlaw do his worst, and we would do our worst. The pressure on tribes harboring outlaws was increased; the search for outlaws in their home villages was persistent; whenever possible they were combed out from the tribal area by nocturnal dashes of the Frontier Constabulary; the machinery was perfected to make raiding more hazardous; and every encouragement was given to our villages by generous rewards and a more liberal issue of arms.

As an instrument of this policy Handyside was a gift from high Heaven. But he could not succeed except where others had worked. It was not for him to prepare the ground or to sift the information, and he was most generous in recognizing the collaboration of the men who did this less spectacular work.

Handyside raised the morale of the Frontier Constabulary to such a point that we learned to expect success. In every enterprise he must be there himself. It was agony to him to learn that the Constabulary was unexpectedly out in Pezu when he was in Peshawar; and the Royal Air Force, which paid him

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such a fine last tribute at his burial, was always sympathetic in hustling this restless spirit into the fighting line.

He was adored by his men. He had those gifts of humor and sympathy that win Pathan hearts, and with reckless courage he coupled extreme care in preparing his plans and deep regard for every other life but his own. His presence inspired the confidence that begets success, and, as his men came to regard him as a mascot, he was tempted to be with them even on minor enterprises when he might well have stayed away. His last day's work was an example of this.

For his friend the enemy he had the greatest admiration. A successful raider was a subject of high esteem and praise. Talking late into the night when the Viceory, Lord Reading, was paying his first visit to the Frontier and studying our various forms of turpitude, Handyside gave a list of notorious raiders, punctuated with comments of 'splendid fellow,' 'topping chap,' 'one of the best.' Lord Reading, much amused, drily remarked: 'Mr. Handyside, you must let me have your recommendations for the Birthday Honors list.'

All his preparatory work, when a definite coup had been planned, was most thorough and painstaking. Secrecy was terribly important, and he would indulge in the most wonderful camouflage of his plans, sending his luggage to Lahore with his bearer, ordering out companies on wild-goose chases, spreading ridiculous rumors — often much to our amusement; but if success be the test, there was something in it, and the need for complicated camouflage was with him almost a superstition.

He certainly was superstitious. We were very anxious to rout out a nest of outlaws from the Kabalkya country across the border. It seemed a promising proposition, but he did not like it, and I did not press him. It appeared that there was a shrine of much repute on the mountain pass guarding the tribal settlement, and he did not fancy the job on that account. So it was never done.

How he dug out the notorious Ibrahim from the Mullagori country, how he counter-raided the settlements of the Hathikhel — all these things should be told. But the tale of one exploit must suffice. On a stormy night of January 1923 forty-one .303 rifles disappeared from a Government magazine in the heart of the Kohat cantonment. A hole in the wall was the only clue! It was indeed a most humiliating occurrence, and the Government of India had a good deal to say about it. But the curtain had fallen and we were left scratching our heads. Patience was necessary. It would not be easy to break up such a parcel of rifles, even across the border, without some news reaching us. But patience was not easy. At last a clue came and was most skillfully developed by our secret service. There was good reason to believe that the rifles lay in cold storage in the settlement of a notorious Bostikhel Afridi not far from Kohat and only a few miles across the border.

At last the plot was thick enough to bring in Handyside. It was a task after his own heart. The *mise en scène* was near Kohat, and obviously our blow could be delivered from Kohat. But Handyside would have none of it. Kohat must remain dead asleep. He would not even bring the necessary forces from the Frontier Constabulary lines in Peshawar. They should be moved at the last moment from Shabqadr, sixty miles away, and travel by motor lorries to a point within striking distance of the Bostikhel ravines. This wise proposal was accepted, and there is no need to go into the tangle of orders and rumors in

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which Peshawar became involved while Kohat remained sunk in slumber.

At 3 A.M. one frosty morning Handyside and his men established their cordon round the Bostikhel towers, and nobody was allowed to get through. At dawn a mountain battery from Kohat crowned the heights, and the fun began. Handyside announced to the Bostikhel elders his intention of searching the house and tower on which our suspicions centred. Indignant protestations of innocence burst forth, murmurs against the insult to Mohammedan women — the whole place buzzed like a nest of angry wasps. Certainly, if our intrusion proved to be based on false information, there would be some awkward questions to answer.

Handyside promised all respect to the women, and indicated the position of the mountain battery. He always had a high decisive morale about him that kept things moving. The women began to file out of the gateway under respectful scrutiny. Two of them had surprisingly large hairy hands; another did not sufficiently conceal his beard under his veil. One of these fairies was found to have four Mills bombs concealed in his pyjamas. All three were outlaws. This looked promising. The search of the courtyard and tower began. The most careful examination revealed nothing. The tribal elders redoubled their protestations, and things began to look black.

Handyside, stamping on the plastered floor at the base of the tower, thought that it gave forth a hollow sound, and he gave orders for some digging to be done. Access to a secret tunnel was established, and a helio message, flashed up to the mountain battery and passed on to us at Peshawar, brought considerable relief. 'Twenty-one Kohat rifles recovered. Rest expected shortly.'

Primo avulso non deficit alter. Handyside has gone. The work will not cease. His genius and personality expressed themselves in their own fashion, and made a mark that will not be obliterated from the proud records of the Frontier. But there is a spirit in the fine force to which he belonged that will bring successors in the great tradition, men able to make their mark in their own way, and I can think of more than one who has the root of the matter in him.

But to me one of the most vivid pictures of frontier life that memory brings back is that of 'Handy' coming in late at night just before starting off on one of his adventures, going over the maps and explaining the final plan of action — 'Handy' in shorts, with Pathan sandals on his feet, a revolver sling and full cartridge-belt, a Balaclava cap, a heavy *poshtin* coat, happy as a schoolboy, hard as nails and ready to walk for a week on Pathan bread and water. 'Well, good-night! I'm off now' — and he would disappear into the night, leaving us to wonder how early in the morning we might hope to get a telephone message from our frontier posts, and what that message would be.

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PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT. IV [1]

BY CAPTAIN NICOLA POPOFF

DEFEATED in their first effort to get my Korean friend, T——, the Japanese hired *hunhuz*, or Chinese bandits, to assassinate him. But that gentleman was on his guard; he never went abroad unless accompanied by several friends, and always carried a revolver in his pocket. His chief protector, however, was himself a famous Chinese bandit nicknamed Black-Eye. This man defended T——, not because he liked him personally, but because he bitterly hated the Japanese. This hatred dated from the Russo-Japanese War, when the Japanese made an arrangement with four important gangs of Chinese bandits to harry the rear of the Russian army, and in particular to attack their munition and provision convoys. The bandits fulfilled their part of the bargain. In addition they served as spies in the rear and at the front of the Russian forces. When the war was over the Japanese invited the chiefs of these gangs to come to Port Arthur to receive their pay. Instead of paying them, however, they arrested them on various pretexts and beheaded them. Among those executed on this occasion was a near relative of Black-Eye, who swore vengeance for his kinsman's death.

During my period of service at Irkutsk several officers of the Japanese General Staff employed in Manchuria mysteriously disappeared. They were killed by Black-Eye. Everybody knew that the latter lived on the concession of Mr. Akidelskii between Harbin and Vladivostok, but the Chinese dared not arrest him; and the Russians let him severely alone, since he never molested them.

Black-Eye was a sort of Robin Hood, who preyed upon the rich and gave liberally to the poor. His gang consisted of three thousand men, and it was common rumor that he might have easily recruited ten thousand warriors under his banner, for he was extremely popular among the common people.

I personally became acquainted with Black-Eye in the summer of 1914, immediately after the declaration of war. Several Germans and Austrians were living in Manchuria, especially Harbin, at that time. When hostilities broke out I had to arrest and intern these people. Some of them passively accepted their fate, but most of them tried to escape across the Chinese border. In order to reach Chinese territory, however, they had to cross the Sungari River, which was patrolled by a Russian flotilla day and night. They were usually ferried across by Chinese boatmen, who exacted large sums for this service. Naturally, they were always taken across at night and at some deserted point on the river. Several of the fugitives carried large sums of money and other valuables with them, and the boatmen, unable to resist the temptation, not infrequently murdered and robbed their passengers.

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Some of my agents happened to be among these boatmen, and they informed me of what was going on. I considered this slaughter of disarmed and defenseless enemies a disgrace to Russia, and decided to stop it. Realizing that, on account of the enormous distances to be guarded, neither our flotilla nor the river police could effectively patrol the river at night, I employed Black-Eye to do this for us. He readily consented, and ordered the boatmen to arrest and forward to my office at Harbin every stranger who tried to bribe a secret passage across the Sungari. So great was the fear he inspired that the murder of Germans and Austrians stopped at once, and thereafter fugitives were regularly handed over to my agents. The only boatman who ventured to disobey Black-Eye's orders was found on the bank of the river shot through the head. Naturally, as soon as the Germans and Austrians learned that the boatmen arrested fugitives instead of taking them across to China, they gave up their attempts at flight.

Black-Eye rendered me another extremely valuable service during the World War. This was in protecting the long tunnel of Khingan, which Germany tried to blow up. The Germans organized several expeditions in Chinese territory to do this, but all of them were wiped out by Black-Eye before they reached Khingan. He also guarded for me the long railway bridge across the Sungari River. On several occasions I tried to press monetary rewards upon Black-Eye, but he invariably refused them; he said that his only object in serving us was to satisfy his sense of justice.

When Black-Eye learned that the Japanese had hired other Chinese bandits to kill my Korean friend, T——, he nipped the scheme in the bud by letting it be known that if anything happened to T—— he would kill the murderer. Not satisfied with this pronouncement, he sent some of his hunhuz to guard T——'s home. That settled the matter; the Japanese gave up all thought of putting him quietly out of their way.

It was then that they requested the Russian authorities to arrest T—— and to exile him to Northeastern Siberia. Had it not been for my lucky arrival this would doubtless have been done, and T—— would have suffered the fate of another prominent Korean, who was killed at the door of his house in a lonely suburban street of Tomsk as he was returning one night from a meeting where he had made a speech denouncing the Japanese and their Korean agents.

To return to the situation at Irkutsk, I soon discovered that the Koreans who visited Siraisi's house were, with one exception, utter strangers in the city. They were so-called 'traveling agents.' I had all of them arrested. We found upon their persons forged letters, which they claimed were original letters from Korea, containing most laudatory accounts of the Japanese administration in that country, and urging all Koreans in Siberia to return to their native land as soon as possible. Each of these agents had a supply of small Korean flags, copied from little flags which the Korean patriots had caused to be made in America to distribute among members of their own organization. Following up these arrests, T——, accompanied by my officers, visited all the important Korean settlements in Siberia, and every 'traveling agent' we could lay hands on was promptly arrested, searched, and deported. When asked their reason for calling upon Siraisi at Irkutsk, they all told the same story. It was to the effect that they had naturally inquired for their countrymen

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on reaching the city, and had been directed to the laundry. They said this was because the Russians could not tell a Japanese from a Korean. They invariably denied being in the service of Japan and insisted that they were patriotic champions of their country's independence.

As soon as we had arrested and expelled these fellows the Korean immigrants settled down again and resumed their former friendly relations with the Russians.

When I returned to Irkutsk after finishing this job with the Koreans I learned to my immense surprise that Katzan had been reinstated as the General's orderly. My men had kept him under close surveillance while he was back in his regiment, but nothing had been discovered against him. All we learned was that Katzan came from a very poor family and never received money from home, but that he had nevertheless been well supplied with funds. He explained this to the other soldiers by saying that the General's guests gave him generous tips — especially foreigners, among whom he mentioned particularly the Japanese.

Katzan was fond of describing to his comrades his experiences at the General's house. He claimed to be a great friend of Captain N——, the junior adjutant. That officer was a worthless fellow who was always hard up for money. He frequently visited Katzan's room and readily accepted his hospitality. Sometimes Katzan had drinking parties in his room after the General had retired, to which he invited his fellow orderlies and several women of the town. The General knew nothing of all this. The only officer who did know what was going on was Captain N——, and it was his duty to report such scandalous proceedings. But as he himself was present at these 'soirées,' he naturally was not disposed to betray his host.

When I learned that Katzan had been reinstated as orderly I kept even closer watch on him than before. One of my men who got on good terms with the fellow reported that he was evidently hard up, for he even sold some of the General's gasoline to supply himself with funds.

While things were in this situation I was informed one night that a Jew named Srul, who kept a lodging house near the General's home, had telephoned asking to see me on urgent business. This man's lodging house had always been considerable of a mystery. Although it had twenty rooms, I never knew an ordinary guest stop there. Whenever a stranger asked for accommodation the owner always said that his place was full. Investigation showed that the establishment was really a high-class assignation house, to which only people personally known to the proprietor were ordinarily admitted. Srul himself was a reticent elderly man who never betrayed a secret. The entrances and exits of the hotel were so arranged that only the proprietor saw his arriving and departing guests.

I at once jumped to the conclusion that something important must have happened to make Srul emerge from his self-imposed retirement and communicate with me. So I hastened to call upon him the same night, whereupon he told me the following story: The previous evening at 7 P.M. a Japanese or a Korean, he could not say which, whom he had previously met had called and hired two communicating rooms next to the entrance. As soon as he was assigned them he locked the door of the outside room and put the key in his pocket. He then went into the inner room after informing the landlord that he was waiting for a friend, a Russian soldier,

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whom he asked might be shown into his room as soon as he arrived. He also ordered a supper with plenty of beer and vodka, adding that some women would come a little later.'

Srul recalled this Japanese as having rented rooms from him on a previous occasion; but at that time, so far as he was aware, the man received no visitors, but had simply paid his bill and left. His remark the previous night that he expected a soldier to call upon him now aroused Srul's suspicions, which were strengthened when the belated caller proved to be the General's orderly, whom Srul saw passing his place every day. Convinced that there was something wrong, Srul, after showing the soldier into the interior room and leaving again, opened the door to the front room with his own latchkey and stealthily crept inside. He was thus able to hear through an open transom every word spoken in the adjoining room. The first words were spoken by the Japanese or Korean in an angry voice. He berated the soldier, called him names, and threatened to show a certain receipt or paper to his superiors. The soldier protested that he was no longer entrusted with the General's letters. Thereupon the Japanese asked: —

'Why don't you bring me the papers the General keeps in his desk?'

'The General never keeps papers on top of his desk,' answered the soldier, 'and I have no opportunity to look through his desk drawers except when he is away for several days on army business. At such times I sleep in his office. But then they are always locked, and I have no keys. One day I tried to open the drawers with keys given to me by Siraisi, but they would n't work — I only injured the locks. When the General got back the locks would n't open. He made a big row about it, and I'll not take that risk again.'

While Katzan was making these explanations the other man kept interrupting to call him a jackass and an imbecile. After Katzan had finished, the stranger paced up and down across the floor several times and finally said: —

'I see. You don't want to serve me. You're merely making excuses. I shall send these receipts to your superior officers to-morrow. They'll show what kind of a fellow you are, and how much money you got from the Japanese.'

Thereupon Katzan, who was obviously intoxicated, lost his temper, and pounding the table with his fist shouted in a loud voice: —

'You dirty Japanese mug, I tell you I can't, and you've got to believe me. It's impossible to do the damn thing you want me to do. You threaten to squeal on me, but I'm not afraid of you. I'll report you myself. Come to the General. I'll tell him that you're a Japanese spy and your friend Siraisi also. Do you get that?'

This made the Japanese change his tone. He was obviously frightened. He tried to calm Katzan down, and promised him that he would not give him away, at the same time plying him with vodka. So little by little the two became reconciled, and the Japanese begged Katzan to keep on his work, promising him better pay than ever. He suggested: —

'If you're not trusted with the General's letters any longer, you can at least get secret documents from the staff office, for you know every one of the clerks there.'

Katzan agreed to this, and asked for money in advance.

'You'll get your pay from Siraisi, as you did before,' replied the spy,

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'but only when you deliver secret papers. To begin with, bring him before next Sunday a list of the officers employed in the intelligence division.'

This Katzan promised to do. Srul hastily crept out of the room and locked the door behind him. A moment later the bell rang, and the Japanese told Srul when he appeared that his soldier friend was on duty that night and so the women would not come. He then paid his bill, adding a liberal tip, and left.

This was the substance of Srul's story. He assured me that he was a loyal subject of His Majesty and a Russian patriot, and considered it his duty to report the whole thing at once. At the same time he obstinately refused to help us out in any public way, saying he was afraid of the vengeance of the Japanese. So I was compelled to promise him that I would use the information he gave me only confidentially.

The next day I reported to the Commanding General that his orderly Katzan was a spy in the Japanese service and that according to confidential information he was expected to deliver at Siraisi's laundry certain secret army documents including a list of officers serving in the intelligence division of the staff. The General promptly ordered that Katzan be arrested when he reached Siraisi's. I felt sure, consequently, that I could catch my bird this time, and worked out the following plan for the police: A policeman was to hide in Siraisi's yard about eight o'clock in the evening, and as soon as Katzan entered the laundry he was to be arrested. Simultaneously other officers were to post themselves at all the doors of the building. As soon as we discovered the secret documents on Katzan's person we were immediately to search the Siraisi brothers and their apartments, having ample evidence to justify us in doing so.

During the preceding day I kept Katzan under close surveillance. I was much worried lest something unexpected might turn up to prevent his going to Siraisi's, and feared lest some garrulous policeman might begin to talk and put the Japanese on their guard. At a quarter before eight my agents reported that Katzan had left the General's house with the latter's two children, going toward the theatre. A few minutes later he appeared on the street again, but alone, and hurried in the direction of Siraisi's laundry. As he drew near he glanced cautiously around him several times and entered the yard. I hurried after him, eager to begin the search.

As soon as I reached the entrance to the laundry yard I heard furious cursing, and realized that something was wrong. My apprehensions proved justified. The policeman, without waiting for Katzan to enter the laundry, pounced upon him in the yard, and the latter, thinking he was attacked by robbers, put up a tremendous fight. As soon as the gendarme officer appeared, however, Katzan saw that he had been trapped, and ceased his resistance. But now the officer began swearing at the policeman, and the people in the laundry were alarmed and came to the window. I saw that the thing had been bungled, but nevertheless I ordered Katzan searched. All that we found on him was a sheet of paper headed, 'A list of officers of the intelligence division,' followed by a number of names of men who had never served in that capacity. When we questioned Katzan he said: 'A few days ago I met a Japanese on the street whom I had never seen before. He spoke to me in excellent Russian and asked me to bring him a list of the officers of the intelligence division at

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eight o'clock to-night. He said he would be in the yard of this house to receive it and would pay me two hundred rubles for the job. I assented to his proposal, intending to bring him a false list, to get the two hundred rubles, and then to arrest him and to take him to my General.'

When I asked Katzan if the General knew of his intention, he answered in the negative. Of course, this deprived us of a pretext for searching the laundry. Moreover, it gave critics a chance to attack the whole work of my division. Katzan's old friend, Captain N——, the junior aide-de-camp, tried to persuade the General that the whole thing was a frame-up which we had got up to make a good showing for ourselves, and that we had hired the Japanese to offer Katzan two hundred rubles for the list of officers.

Naturally the General at once ordered a court-martial to decide whether Katzan was really guilty of espionage or not. The only man who could have saved the situation was Srul, but he obstinately refused to appear in court. The judge-advocate was inclined to interpret the whole affair as an attempt to blackmail Katzan. This brought our whole work to a precarious pass. Katzan was in triumph, and the Japanese were laughing at us. Realizing that something must be done, I decided to procure at any cost the receipt signed by Katzan which the Japanese at Srul's 'lodging house' had mentioned.

Let me add that none of the Japanese in Irkutsk spoke Russian fluently. I therefore suspected that the mysterious stranger who had rented the rooms of Srul was none other than Hiroto Minori himself. He might easily visit Irkutsk and leave again without attracting notice. However that might be, I felt I must at all costs get the paper signed by Katzan.

REPAIRING THE SPHINX[1]

BY A CAIRO CORRESPONDENT

DURING the past winter the Egyptian Department of Antiquities has been occupied with the clearance and repair of the Sphinx, drawing for the purpose on the fund formed by the fees received annually from tourists for visits to the monuments. As all know who have seen it *in situ*, the Sphinx is the remarkable image hewn out of the solid rock that has lain for forty-five centuries, and still lies, in the shadow of the Great Pyramids of Giza, arousing, by its fantastic form, its enormous size, and the mystery surrounding its origin, the wonder and curiosity of all ages.

The Egyptian Sphinx is a representation of the divine king as a lion with his head on the body of the animal. Many sphinxes have been found in Egypt, but the Sphinx of Giza stands out among them all by reason of its great bulk and its surroundings.

[1] From the *Times* (London Independent Conservative daily), *April* 23

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Sphinxes there were before ever the Great Sphinx was carved, and a long series was made after that time down to the end of Egyptian history. The Egyptians of the pyramid age who saw the Great Sphinx knew well the meaning of the image and the technique employed in its carving, and were no doubt impressed, as men have always been, by its huge bulk and by the greatness of the sculptor who created so vast a work. Probably the sculptors of the later royal sphinxes were more or less inspired by this example.

By the Eighteenth Dynasty the Great Sphinx had been identified with Harmackhis-Kheperi-Atum-Ra, the sun god, lying always 'in the shadow of the sun' and facing the eastern sky, as is shown by the inscriptions accompanying the restoration carried out in that Dynasty. And at that time the offering services to the sun god were endowed. It was again repaired, perhaps in Ptolemaic-Roman times, but it is not clear whether the offering services continued unbroken from the Eighteenth Dynasty to this second restoration, though there is evidence that the Ptolemies sacrificed to it. The Arabic name, 'Abu-El-Hol' (Father of Fear), indicates the place it held during the Middle Ages, and still holds, in the minds of the people of the country, while we moderns ourselves pay tribute to it with our phrase 'sphinx-like.'

The Sphinx stands in the midst of the vast quarry from which Cheops (2900 B.C.) cut the stone for his pyramid and for the royal cemetery on the plateau adjoining the quarry on the north. In the course of the work a knoll was left by the quarrymen because, consisting of layers of hard gray and of soft yellowish stone, it was not of the same consistent quality as the rest and so was unsuitable for the object Cheops had in view. This knoll remained untouched until some time in the reign of Chephren, the son of Cheops and the builder of the second Pyramid, when the immense piece of rock then lying abandoned alongside the lower end of the great causeway-corridor leading from the valley-temple of the second Pyramid up to the Pyramid-temple attracted the attention of the king and of his sculptors. He was a great man, whoever he was, who conceived the idea of converting this lump of stone into a gigantic Sphinx. The king ordered the work to be executed, and there emerged out of this abandoned mass of rock the gigantic effigy with its human head and lion body that has attracted the attention of the world since earliest times and has been regarded as one of the most wonderful monuments this land of wonders possesses.

The body of this great image was painted red, its headdress white, and its eyes had a naturalistic coloring. Its body is a hundred and fifty feet long, its head thirty feet long, and its front paws fifty feet long. Its face is fourteen feet wide, and the distance from the crown of the head to the base of the figure is seventy feet. In course of time the plaster sizing, with which the original sculptor had covered it, became destroyed by wind and rain, and the sand blown from the surrounding desert began to eat into the bad strata of stone of which it was composed. Indeed, the very geological defect that provided the material for this monument has been one of the great causes of its deterioration. Being situated in a hollow, the Sphinx gradually became covered up with sand so that the upper part of the body and the neck and head alone were exposed. They consequently suffered a great deal more than the lower portion. When he dug out the Sphinx in 1817 and exposed the stairway leading out from the old quarry to the original level, Caveglia found a great granite stele in a small chapel between

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its paws. The text of this stele was in the form of an official inscription.

It stated that, while Thothmes IV was a prince without expectations of the succession, he had been in the habit of shooting and racing with two or three boon companions in the desert behind the Pyramids. One day he fell asleep in the shadow of the Sphinx, which, as the deity Harmackhis, appeared to him in a dream. Harmackhis complained of the sand that weighed heavy on him, and, foretelling that Thothmes would become king of Egypt, asked him when he ascended the throne to free his image from this burden and reëndow it with the offerings that were made to it in former times. The text breaks off here, but manifestly it goes on to state that the wishes of the deity were complied with. For many years this text was held to be a fairy tale created by the priests for mercenary motives, and no proof was available of Thothmes having done what the text attributed to him. One of the great results of the work executed this winter by Mr. Baraize has been to prove that the Sphinx was actually restored by Thothmes IV, and the story recorded on the stele must therefore take its place in the history of the Eighteenth Dynasty.

From the Roman restoration, *circa* 100 B.C., until the beginning of the nineteenth century the Sphinx appears to have been entirely neglected. The original limestone casing which Thothmes and the Ptolemies restored was in part taken away for building materials or for burning for lime. Thus the shoulders, neck, and head became more and more exposed, and serious erosion was set up by the wind-driven sand. In 1853 Mariette Pasha and in 1886 M. Maspero cleared the area immediately in front of it, but like Caveglia they effected no important repairs. After 1886 sand again silted up the monument, until latterly only the head and shoulders could be seen. In addition, pieces began to fall from the head. The beard had already disappeared long ago. Soon after the last excavation part of the headdress fell off, and a more recent examination showed that the drifting sand had made such an inroad into the back of the neck that it was evident that before long the great weight of the head might cause it to break loose and topple over forward.

Confronted with this report, Monsieur Lacau, the head of the Antiquities Service, decided that no further time must be lost in taking steps to prevent a disaster the occurence of which would have aroused world-wide indignation. Conferences of the leading authorities on the spot were held. The process to be followed in the matter of consolidation was exhaustively discussed, and it was decided to clear the Sphinx of its sand covering and execute all the necessary repair work without in any way touching the original design or altering the proportions of the figure, the work being entrusted to Mr. Baraize, an archæologist and engineer with long experience of restoration work in Egypt.

The complete excavation of the Sphinx revealed, first, proofs of the repairs done by Thothmes IV and in the Ptolemaic period. Both restorations had deteriorated, many of the finer-chiseled stones of Thothmes having fallen to the ground. A most interesting feature now disclosed for the first time was the manner in which the toenails of the hind legs had been depicted on the stone base by the original sculptor and reproduced respectively in finer and coarser stone by Thothmes and the Ptolemaic restorers.

The excavation further showed that the base of the figure had enormous cavities which had been cut into by early excavators who believed that there was a secret passage under the

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Sphinx. It has also uncovered again the altar between the paws that the Romans used in their sacrifices to the sun god, and revealed a second stairway leading down to the Sphinx, a tablet bearing a figure of the Sphinx with a short inscription, and a couple of small bronze sphinxes. Incidentally, Mr. Baraize has confirmed, first, the theory that the pedestal in the middle of the chest originally had a statue of the king on to whose head the beard flowed, and secondly, from fragments found by Caveglia and now put together for the first time, that the beard had engraved on either side a figure of a king, probably Thothmes IV, kneeling in adoration of the Sphinx's head.

Certain singularly uninstructed criticisms in the European press have been made either by those who based their remarks on hearsay or by others who have completely misunderstood what they have seen. Allegations that the face has been changed, that it is intended to replace the nose, that the body has been repainted, and that the repair work has seriously altered the proportions and the design, are absolutely untrue.

As regards the paws, the sides, and the hind legs, all that has been done has been to replace the fallen stones and strengthen the mortar. Admittedly, the stonework here has all the appearance of newness, but it owes its freshness to having been buried for so long beneath the sand. One has only to go to Sakkara and look at Mr. Firth's Third Dynasty discoveries to realize how fresh such stonework can keep and how deceptive it can be to the untrained eye. A comparison of the Sphinx as it appears to-day with its appearance after Maspero's excavation just forty years ago will show, moreover, how unjustified is the criticism now made in this respect.

The face has been left untouched, but the head, which was in an exceedingly bad condition, has been skillfully treated. Huge cavities and cracks appeared in the headdress, part of which, together with the back of the neck, had been completely eroded, while on the left-hand side of the head there was a deep gash. All these cracks have been filled with lime. Two pieces of the headdress were found on the ground after the clearance. These were cemented again into place, but, as the headdress itself was in a very fragile condition just above the joins, it has had to be built up on either side with masonry. Similarly masonry has been built into the back of the neck to prevent further erosion and maintain the centre of gravity, but the traces of the pattern of the headdress have been preserved everywhere. In the crown of the head there is an enormous hole large enough to take a man, and so deep that only his head emerges when he stands up. This hole was made anciently by vandals who believed that there was a cache of treasure inside the head. It has not been filled in, but has merely been covered with an iron clapper that can be unscrewed at any time to permit of investigation of the interior, and cannot be seen from below.

The complaint about painting is no doubt due to the fact that the repaired parts are naturally of a different color from the original portion. This is, of course, unavoidable. Time will possibly give the new portion a patina approximating to the original, but if this does not happen it will be quite easy to remove the offense to the critic's eyes by giving the new portions a touch of color like the old patina.

A good deal of the present outcry has undoubtedly arisen from the change which the clearance has made in the tableau presented by the Sphinx. In fact, it is another illustration of the eternal fight between art and science.

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When the Sphinx lay submerged up to its chest, the yellow sand in which it was embedded gave it an aspect so picturesque and an atmosphere so mystical that even the most profane were impressed. The present excavation has not only removed this attractive framework, but has revealed the lack of proportions of the body which the sand concealed. As originally carved the Sphinx was strictly in proportion according to canonical precedent, and the lack of proportion noticed to-day is due to two extra casings which Thothmes and the Romans applied to the paws. To the eye of the modern artist the present picture of the Sphinx must indeed be a bitter disillusion and disappointment. But to the student of Egyptian art the Sphinx, as it now stands, with its whole structure revealed, has an attraction and an interest that transcend every other consideration.

To sum up, the work done by Mr. Baraize at the Sphinx during the past winter has achieved three outstanding results. In the first place, the Sphinx has been placed in safety against further damage for several generations. Secondly, its later history has been revealed to us for the first time. And thirdly, modern historians and students are now able for the first time to see this monument in its true relations to the Pyramids area and appreciate the artistic intention of the sculptor who conceived the idea of its creation. These are results of incalculable value to Egyptian archæology, and in the opinion of prominent archæologists the work of consolidating this huge figure, while not altering its design or proportions, has been most ingeniously and skillfully executed.

In conclusion, the excavation has disclosed remnants of protective walls constructed round the edge of the hollow by the Romans; and also of a similar wall at a lower level set up by Maspero. These were to prevent sand from silting up the Sphinx. The Roman wall is being repaired at certain points, while at the west end a new masonry wall is being set up to stop sand-drifts and prevent tourists and animals from falling over the edge of the hollow. It remains, however, to be seen what the effect of climate may be on the lower portion of the body now exposed. During the coming months the Sphinx will be constantly and carefully watched, and if it appears that deterioration is being caused by exposure the authorities will not hesitate to return it at once to the submerged condition in which it stood last September.

The excavation carried out this winter had to be undertaken sooner or later in order to satisfy the demands of science about the history and object of this great monument. The secrets that the sand concealed from our ancestors are now all known, and although the sight of this fantastic relic of Ancient Egypt in its original state would be invaluable both as a demonstration to future generations of students and as an attraction to visitors, they will have to be satisfied with photographic records if continued exposure is found to have any deteriorating effect on the fabric of the base.

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A MAKER OF MYTHOLOGIES[1]

BY Æ

When I try to make an image to symbolize to myself life in the wonderlands of Lord Dunsany's imagination, a fancy comes that over all those wonderlands a monstrous and fantastic cat is brooding and purring. It purrs as if it was happy and was certain that all the mice were within reach of its claws and not one of them could escape. That happy and melodious purring, full of lovely sound, holds an opposite within itself as all things do, and what it holds within itself is its sinister antithesis. There is no beautiful thing living in those wonderlands that can be sure of its happiness, sure that Time or the gods will not wantonly lay a claw on it. Dunsany's gods are such as Caliban imagined Setebos to be, and there is not one, but a whole pantheon, of such monstrous divinities. In our world our lives are normally gray, but we have now and then as consolation moments of beauty. In the worlds of this dreamer the normal life has the beauty of enchantment, but its accents are made by terror and death. At any moment a doom may come upon it, a god may awaken and desire its sacrifice. The contraries of that life are not, as with us, love and beauty, but agony or death.

Let us take *A Dreamer's Tales*, which has some of the finest imagination of this extraordinary writer. In the very first tale the loveliness of the Inner Lands is conjured up for us by a master of fantasy, and it seems to us like the beauty we would yearn to rest on after death, but there the mystery of the sea that none has ever beheld weighs heavily on all who live there, and drains the Inner Lands of their people. Nothing can restrain them — not love, not even the terrible myths invented by their priests who said of those unknown waters: —

> The sea is a river heading towards Hercules, and he touches against the edge of the world and that Poltarnes looks upon him. They say that all the worlds of heaven go bobbing in this river and are swept down with the stream, and that Infinity is thick and furry with forests, through which the river in her course sweeps on with all the worlds of heaven . . . and whenever its thirst, glowing in space like a great sun, comes upon the beast, the tiger of the gods creeps down to the river to drink. . . .

Dooms such as these hang over Inner Lands and their lovely and languid people. That great cat purrs through all the dreamer's tales. In the narrative of adventure on the River Yann the cities on either side gleam amid its massy forests like pearl or onyx. They are imagined as rich and sleepy paradises, but the voyager discovers in Perdondaris a huge gate of ivory carved out of one piece, and the thought of what terrible creature let fall that tusk, and that some of its kind might come over the mountains and stamp on the palaces, creates terror in the adventurers, and they fly from that magical city. One almost comes to believe that no one even in imagination can create a completely happy beauty.

[1] From the *Irish Statesman* (Dublin Independent weekly), *April* 17

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When the conscious mind has projected from itself an image of all it desires, out of the inmost recesses, out of the unconscious, stalks into the dream all we would exile, death or madness, terror or mystery. The opposite of all we imagine seems to wait within ourselves to fall upon whatever we fashion. It will not be denied. It needs no conscious art to create it. While we fashion the happy, unknown to ourselves the unhappy is taking form, and it must be let appear or the tale will be dead. So I interpret to myself the psychology behind these astonishing tales and dramas fuller of mystery than any I know since Poe wrote his wild inventions. If the sinister were denied the beauty would lose its magic, and have merely the faint charm of a fairy tale. Wherever Dunsany tries for beauty only he is at his feeblest, but where he lets the contraries prowl about the worlds he has created they have a mysterious life.

I think he has made the happiest compromise between the sinister and the beautiful in the long story, *The King of Elfland's Daughter*, which has mysteries and perils, but hardly any lurking devilry. It is a highly sustained piece of fantasy, written in a prose whose melody never fails and never tires. It compares well, I think, with any of William Morris's prose romances, for their defect is that they are almost altogether literature in one dimension. They are on the flat, like wall paper or tapestry, even though the figures worked upon it have unending comeliness. The invention of an Elfland that can, by the magic of its king, come close to our world or be inconceivably remote, gives a richness to Dunsany's romance, so that it may be said to be two-dimensional, though not in his tale any more than in Morris's romances do recognizable human entities move about. His people loom before us like a dance of animated and lovely shadows and grotesques, but we follow their adventures with excitement, and that means that in some way they are symbolic of our own spiritual adventures. We have all known that fading of Elfland from just beyond the familiar woods and lakes and hills which comes after childhood, and how inconceivably remote Elfland seems once it has gone from us, and what purifications and sacrifices and labors of the soul we must endure if we are to regain the child vision we have lost. The fading away of Elfland from the vision of Alveric in the tale, and his years of search for it, do not appear to us unreal as we read, for have we not, most of us, lost vision of the enchanted land? And though some have sought to regain it, how few they are who have won it back so that it glows again beyond the familiar fence! *The King of Elfland's Daughter* is the most purely beautiful thing Lord Dunsany has written. There may be better or more exciting things in some of the short tales, but nowhere else has he had such a long run on that Pegasus of his that carries him east of the East and west of the West — not curving round the world, as he once said to me, but going on straight into regions that the makers of the Arabian tales of enchantment knew, or which lay in neighboring kingdoms of romance.

His last book, *The Charwoman's Shadow*, is less beautiful and more ingenious. The invention does not flag, but is not quite so happy. Still we follow with unfatigued curiosity the adventures of Ramon Alonzo — he is nominally a Spaniard, but his country is really west of the West. He is sent by his father to an old magician to get gold, but the old magician wants payment, and the payment he asks from Ramon is his shadow. He has a box full of shadows, including the shadow of the charwoman. Ramon sells his

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shadow on condition that he gets an artificial shadow. But this, carefully measured at midday, does not lengthen in the evening, and the people discover that he has sold the real shadow to the magician, and there are endless adventures before his shadow and the charwoman's are regained, and the charwoman becomes the lovely girl she was before her shadow was taken from her. It is not too ingenious for a fairy tale, but it is too ingenious for poetic beauty. Dunsany is as individual in his imagination as any of the Anglo-Irish writers, for the characteristic of all is a salt of personality that one discovers in them ere one has turned over a page of their books. Shaw, Moore, Synge, Yeats, Stephens, or Joyce could hardly write a sentence that would not betray them, and Dunsany is as personal as any of these. Ireland neglects its geniuses. None of them writes badly enough to be popular with his uncultivated countrymen, who snarl at reputations made beyond the seas. O'Casey is, perhaps, the only Irish writer of genius who has achieved a real popularity in his own country, and he has done this by revealing the Irish mob to itself, and it listens and looks at itself in the mirror and shouts at itself. It does not yet know that romance or beauty is part of its nature, and it has yet to become self-conscious of this, and then the others will come to their own.

I have talked round and round about Dunsany's tales and have not said anything about his dramatic genius, the power he has of holding us in a horrified suspense while the creatures of his imagination, the beggars in *The Gods of the Mountain*, the burglars in *The Glittering Gate*, the sailors in *A Night at an Inn*, meet their doom at the will of his mysterious and sinister deities. Every now and then Dunsany makes me believe he had it in him to be a considerable poet, and his imagination becomes noble as in that tale of Death and Odysseus, where Death said to the immortals: —

'I am going to frighten Odysseus,' and drawing about him his gray traveler's cloak, went out through the windy door with his jowl turned earthwards. And he came soon to Ithaca and the hall that Athene knew, and opened the door and saw there famous Odysseus, with his white locks, bending close over the fire, trying to warm his hands. The wind through the open door blew bitterly on Odysseus. And Death came up behind him and suddenly shouted, and Odysseus went on warming his pale hands. Then Death came close and began to mouth at him. And after a while Odysseus turned and spoke. And, 'Well, old servant,' he said, 'have your masters been kind to you since I made you work for me round Ilion?' And Death for some while stood mute, for he thought of the laughter of Love. Then, 'Come now,' said Odysseus, 'lend me your shoulder,' and he leaning heavily on that bony joint, they went together through the open door.

So nobly and with such disdain would we all die if we could, and because a poet has imagined it so we too may come to look with gay courage upon the mystery when the time comes for it to make a mouth at us.

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THE THEATRE IN ULSTER[1]

BY PERCY ALLEN

THAT part of Ireland now known as the Free State has long possessed an organization formed for the purpose of encouraging expression of its national art — since the year 1892, in fact, when Mr. W. B. Yeats founded the Irish National Literary Society, which in 1903 became the Irish National Theatre Society, and within a short time after, through the kind offices of Miss Horniman, was able to establish itself at the now historic Abbey Theatre in Dublin. There the movement grew, the society prospered, and the literary-dramatic successes of Yeats himself, with those of Martin, Moore, Lady Gregory, Synge, and others, are too familiar to need recapitulation.

Northern Ireland, however, though still far behind its neighbor State in theatrical endeavor and attainment, — and destined, it may be, for temperamental reasons, always to play dramatic second to the more imaginative South, — has nevertheless been steadily though quietly seeking, since the beginning of the century, to organize and develop its powers of æsthetic self-possession, especially in the art of drama. In 1902 — one year before the Dublin organization became the Irish National Theatre — two young men of Belfast, Messrs. Bulmer Hobson (William McDonnell) and David Parkhill (Lewis Purcell), founded in that city another dramatic society which was named similarly to the one at Dublin, and continued to be so named until a gentle protest from the Southern capital caused a change of title to that of the Ulster Literary Theatre. For some reason or other — 'modesty' being the one suggested to me by Mr. H. C. Morrow (Gerald Macnamara), of the Ulster Players, to whom I am indebted for most of the information relative to that body herein contained — the word 'literary' was eventually dropped, and for the last twelve years the theatre has been called simply the Ulster Theatre, and its actors, whenever they leave their native city, are billed as 'The Ulster Players.'

Their first public performance was a presentation of Mr. W. B. Yeats's *Kathleen ni Houlihan*, followed by a two-act play from an Ulster pen, *The Racing Lug*, by James Cousins, on which occasion, being short, as yet, of reliable local talent, the Ulstermen brought in two players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, — Miss Quinn and Mr. Dudley Digges, — to stiffen up the cast. Within a year or two, however, the company's acting ranks were sufficiently recruited, by newcomers of some acting experience gained with the Belfast School of Art Dramatic Society, — among them the now well-known comedian, Mr. Gerald Macnamara himself, — and since that time, I understand, the society has relied almost exclusively upon its own players, and with few exceptions has produced only plays written by members of its theatre, or by Ulstermen — a fact indicating that this theatre has been from its inception 'Sinn Fein,' which

[1] From the *Daily Telegraph* (London Independent Conservative daily), *March 25*

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words, literally rather than politically translated, mean 'Ourselves Alone.'

Annually, for twelve years past, the Ulsters Players have acted in Dublin, — including two seasons at the Abbey, — and also in Londonderry, Dundalk, Newry, Ballymena, and other Irish towns. The Playhouse at Liverpool has seen them twice, and Londoners will remember their three weeks' season at the Scala, some eighteen months ago, when the general impression conveyed was that, on the whole, the acting was rather better than the plays, and that the players' technique adapted itself, perhaps, more readily to parts with a local twist in them than to characterization that was drawn too straight. Several of the wholly native and topical works then put on by the Ulster players at the Scala — such as Mr. Macnamara's *Thompson in Tirna-n Og* — were, of course, beyond the comprehension of many of us cockneys, but we brought away very pleasant recollections of *The Drone*, by Rutherford Mayne, and of Mr. Macnamara's ripe comedy work therein; while — to return to the present time — the fact that Mr. Lewis Purcell's comedy of Australian Irish life, originally called *Dinkum Oil*, has been accepted, and will before long be produced, under another title, by Mr. Fagan, at the Royalty, London, shows that Ulster's dramatists are beginning to deserve and to gain a more than local hearing and recognition.

There exists, however, in addition to the Ulster Theatre, one other play-producing society, without reference to which this article would be incomplete — I mean the Northern Drama League, which was founded rather more than two years ago, and is now in its third season. This organization is not, like the Ulster Theatre, predominantly national in its aims, but exists to foster, throughout Northern Ireland, a love of art generally, and particularly the art of the theatre, through amateur performances of plays unquestionably meritorious yet, by reason of their too literary or special appeal, unlikely to be seen in the commercial theatres of Belfast. The society's beginnings were of the humblest kind, and it lost money during its first year. The second year, however, reduced the overdraft at its bankers' by one half; while this year sees it financially solvent, and even compelled to turn money away from its performances, although these are given, not in a theatre, but in a hall, with only a small stage, and no rake to the auditorium floor. The Northern Drama League's company, under the charge, as producer, of Mr. Munro, — a Belfast man, and son of a professor of Queen's University at Belfast, — is, of course, a voluntary organization, making all its own costumes, relying upon the enthusiasm and goodwill of its members to achieve freshness and intimacy of effect, and endeavoring thus to bring out the true spirit of all the plays that it puts on.

For that reason, no attempt is made to check the players' local accents, and in this way, when *An Enemy of the People* was recently produced, the company was able to make Ibsen's drama so much an actuality that, as one of the members expressed it to me, 'the thing might have happened last week in Portadown.' Such being their sphere of activity, the Northern League must not be regarded either as a rival to or as an opponent of the Ulster Theatre, but is rather complementary, and also complimentary, to its ally. The younger institution's praiseworthy objective — which may one day be realized, when Belfast's staple industries, which are shipping and linen, shall again exceedingly prosper — is to possess its own Athenæum, housing a library, reading-room, concert and

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lecture hall, — in which pictures can be exhibited, — and, of course, a small theatre, all gathered under one roof, as a common centre, in which the city's many arts can find fuller opportunity and expression than is possible today.

The Irish people, Ulstermen included, are nothing if not an artistic and imaginative race; and there exists, I am told, among this heterogeneous assemblage of men and women of all callings a more intense æsthetic lift, potential if not actual, than is to be found, probably, in any English provincial town. Politics, unfortunately, have been crowding out of the newspapers so much record of this nation's more inward activities and aspirations that few realize how much of invisible Belfast remains permanently unexpressed. William Conor, as painter, and Richard Rowley, as poet, are depicting individually and beautifully certain aspects of the city's life. There is room, however, for other artists to do so, through such media as their gifts and natures may seek; and toward that desirable end both the Ulster Theatre and the Northern Drama League, in their several ways, are honorably assisting.

ON STREET NAMES[1]

BY GORDON PHILLIPS

If you leave Manchester and Salford by Great Clowes Street (which is an interesting thing to do, for it is one of the very worst planned roads in the world, wriggling this way and then that, like a snake with its back broken in every place where it could conceivably break) you will see on your left, in one of the drabbest parts of this drab and distracted thoroughfare, a mean little street that mounts a steep incline. A name-plate at the beginning of this street will catch your eye if that eye happens to be wide enough open. It bears the legend 'Richmond Hill.' Again, if you enter Manchester by the adjoining route of Bury New Road you will see on your left a number of mean little streets that rise from Strangeways toward the yellow clay-fields and, I think, — though I have never been to look, — what remains of the old village of Cheetwood. Among these streets, you will notice, — or you may check me from the Directory, — are Fairy Lane, Mount Pleasant, and Sabrina Street. How in the world did these forlorn avenues to desolation, all obviously built about the middle of the last century, when there could be no hope whatsoever of better things for a neighborhood already doomed, acquire names like these?

Who, indeed, does give 'made-up' names to new streets? The old streets name themselves. A High Street, a Church Lane, a Bridge Street — those were there in common speech before anyone thought of putting a label on them. But it is safe to say that Sabrina Street was not present in the common speech of Strangeways before it was

[1] From the *Manchester Guardian* (Independent Liberal daily), *April* 22

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nailed up on the wall of the end house; nor would Richmond Hill have much of a place in the vocabulary of Great Clowes Street. They look like deliberate irony, but rather queer and unexpected irony. The irony of an Angel Meadow is to be understanded of the vulgar; it is not a meadow, and if it were it would be the last meadow in which one would expect to meet angels. Fairy Lane and Mount Pleasant may also have tickled the first inhabitants of them — the *lucus a non lucendo* must have been obvious from the very beginning. But Sabrina Street and Richmond Hill are a little subtler; they represent a jest that must have been shared by few except its deviser. There to this day stands the jest, growing grimmer and grimmer as the years pass and the soot falls; but where is the jester, and who shall rediscover his name and his motive by this time?

It seems a curiously casual and hole-and-corner business, this naming of new, small streets. When new battleships — which are obsolete in ten years — are named they break a bottle of wine over their bows, but no one breaks even a bottle of beer over the end house of a street in which men will have to live for a lifetime. The houses go up, and shortly afterward a small iron plate, black letters on a white ground, appears on one of them. And that settles it. But who settles it remains to me, as it does to those whose postal address is thereafter determined by the settlement, an unqualified mystery. Looking at some of these smaller streets in large towns, I think it must have been the builder — the builder in hasty consultation with the postman.

'Hey, my lad,' the builder of the sixties or seventies would say one morning, catching sight of the postman at the bottom of his newly finished example of town planning, 'have you got a Titania Street on your round?'

'Titania Street?' the postman would say, thoughtfully. 'Not on my round, sir.'

The builder would then nod to his foreman. 'Titania Street will do,' he would observe. 'It'll be a slum in ten years' time. George, get the plate made.'

Yet I think there must be now — and perhaps there was then — a little more in it than that. There are indications of a censorship, a Board of Control, a final authority, that extends beyond builders and postmen. The name-plates of some streets bear, and have borne for many a year in letters as prominent as those of their generally accepted title, the warning, 'Unadopted.' There must, then, be those who name and those superior authorities who adopt — or refrain from adopting — the proffered name. And how forlorn appears the fate of the unadopted, doomed publicly to confess their orphanhood to all who ride past on the top of a tram! Odd as her title is, I am glad they decided to adopt Sabrina Street and make an honest — if ugly — road of her.

Perhaps the existence of this revising authority throws some light on the mysteries of Sabrina Street and Richmond Hill. How would it be constituted, this Council of Elders? The builder? I am sure he would have a seat. And the postman too, for it is obvious that the Post Office must have a chance of objecting to two streets of the same name in the same neighborhood. And a few town or city councilors. And then I think someone, in a moment of inexplicable exuberance, must have captured and coöpted a poet. . . .

It is a spring afternoon, perhaps fifty years ago; or it may be more. The committee has almost finished its

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labors on the extending map of Manchester and Salford.

'Well, what about this one, gentlemen?' says the chairman.

'Thomas Street,' says the builder promptly. (His own Christian name is Thomas, and he promised his wife he would.)

The postman nods, the city councilors nod, and the chairman prepares to mark the map before him accordingly.

'Perish the thought!' says the poet, suddenly waking up for the first time.

'What do you suggest?' asks the chairman hastily. 'We'd better humor him,' he whispers to one of the councilors; 'he's been very good all afternoon, and he *can* be very awkward indeed.'

'I don't suggest anything,' says the poet, 'except that you can't put a Thomas Street on top of a Fairy Lane and a Mount Pleasant.'

'But what do you suggest as an alternative to Thomas?' inquires the chairman patiently.

'Sabrina,' says the poet, grasping at the first name that floats through his mind.

'What does it mean?' demands the builder, glumly. (His wife's name is Jane.)

'It means a river. There is a river on the other side of Bury New Road, is n't there? Or don't you call the Irwell a river? But I don't mind. Call it Comus Street, if you like. Or Deva Street. Or Damnation Street.'

'We'll call it Sabrina Street,' says the chairman, hastily. 'How do you spell it? . . . And now there's only Richmond Street. I think we are all agreed about that?'

'Why Richmond?' says the poet, crossly. (He is very cross because he was asleep and happy, and now he has been thoroughly wakened and he is unhappy.)

'The man who keeps the corner shop is called Richmond,' says the builder, firmly.

'You might as well call it Richmond Hill,' says the poet fiercely; 'it is a hill, is n't it?' He looks sourly through the window at the sunshine on gray slate roofs, shuts his eyes, and thinks enviously of the banks of the Swale or Thames.

'We *will* call it Richmond Hill, if you like,' says the chairman, tactfully, with a wink at the councilors. 'And that, gentlemen, finishes the proceedings for the afternoon, I think.'

Oh, yes, I know that neither Sabrina Street nor Richmond Hill did really happen like that. But, then, how *did* they happen?

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

GREAT PROSE AGAIN

Not long ago we quoted in this department a writer in the *Times Literary Supplement* who, in reviewing the *Oxford Book of English Prose,* pointed out that in the greatest prose we are always aware of a certain freshness and directness in the use of images which we miss in the prose of second-rate or minor authors. This writer quoted a passage from Mr. Lytton Strachey which he accused, with perfect justice, of tameness and confusion in the use of metaphors and half-metaphorical expressions. 'She herself, as she lay blind and silent, seemed to those who watched her to be divested of all thinking — to have glided already, unawares, into oblivion.' The writer of a sentence like this cannot have said of him what Emerson said of Montaigne: 'Cut one of his words and it will bleed.' 'Divested' is a false image for 'ceasing to think,' since thought at the best is hardly to be compared to a garment; and 'glided into oblivion' is every orator's phrase.

But Mr. James Joyce, whom this writer quoted with approval as a prose stylist with a first-hand sense of metaphor, is not the only contemporary who may be said to be writing great prose — in these terms at least. In an article on Mrs. Virginia Woolf in *The Nation and the Athenæum* Mr. Edwin Muir quotes a passage from her recent novel, *Mrs. Dalloway*, that illustrates not only her command over an 'original' imagery but also her subtle sense of prose rhythm. (Mr. Strachey's rhythms are pleasant, and even stately, but they are all derivative.) This is the passage — in which Mrs. Woolf describes Clarissa Dalloway sewing her green dress: —

> Quiet descended upon her, calm, content, as her needle, drawing the silk smoothly to its gentle pause, collected the green folds together and attached them, very lightly, to the belt. So on a summer's day waves collect, overbalance, and fall; collect and fall; and the whole world seems to be saying 'That is all' more and more ponderously, until even the heart in the body which lies in the sun on the beach says, too, That is all. Fear no more, says the heart. Fear no more, says the heart, committing its burden to some sea, which sighs collectively for all sorrows, and renews, begins, collects, lets fall. And the body alone listens to the passing bee; the wave breaking; the dog barking, far away barking and barking.

'In the daring and fullness of the metaphors,' says Mr. Muir of the passage, 'it has a remote indebtedness to Homer.' Certainly there is great daring in the sudden, but unobtrusive, transition here from the green folds of Clarissa's dress to the waves of the sea, and great beauty in the use of that image to suggest the elusive mood of half-hynoptic calm and emotional lassitude that has overtaken Mrs. Woolf's heroine.

One need not, however, go outside the covers of the *Oxford Book of English Prose* to find illustrations of the original use of images in great prose. See what a powerful imagination like John Donne's can make with so conventional an idea as the leveling work

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of death; like one of Stevenson's conversationalists, Donne uses words so that 'you might think he had worn them next to his skin and slept in them': —

It comes equally to us all, and makes us all equal when it comes. The ashes of an Oak in the Chimney are no Epitaph of that Oak to tell me how high or how large that was; it tells me not what flocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what men it hurt when it fell. The dust of great persons graves is speechless too, it says nothing, it distinguishes nothing: as soon the dust of a wretch whom thou wouldest not, as of a Prince thou couldest not look upon, will trouble thine eyes, if the wind blow it thither; and when a whirlwind hath blown the dust of the Churchyard into the Church, and the man sweeps out the dust of the Church into the Churchyard, who will undertake to sift those dusts again, and to pronounce, This is the Patrician, this is the noble flower, and this the yeomanly, this the Plebeian bran. So is the death of *Jesabel* (*Jesabel* was a Queen) expressed; *They shall not say, this is Jesabel;* not only not wonder that it is, nor pity that it should be, but they shall not say, they shall not know, This is *Jesabel.*

A passage like this shows what a great writer can do by apprehending afresh an old and conventional metaphor — such as ashes and dust for mortality — and, so to speak, taking it seriously. In the following passage from Emerson, in the same book, the chief image is virtually his own. And how sinewy, in general, his language is!

I see not why we should give ourselves such sanctified airs. If the Divine Providence has hid from men neither disease, nor deformity, nor corrupt society, but has stated itself out in passions, in war, in trade, in the love of power and pleasure, in hunger and need, in tyrannies, literatures, and arts, — let us not be so nice that we cannot write these facts down coarsely as they stand, or doubt but there is a counter-statement as ponderous, which we can arrive at, and which, being put, will make all square. The solar system has no anxiety about its reputation, and the credit of truth and honesty is as safe; nor have I any fear that a sceptical bias can be given by leaning hard on the sides of fate, of practical power, or of trade, which the doctrine of Faith cannot downweigh. The strength of that principle is not measured in ounces and pounds: it tyrannizes at the centre of Nature.

When a writer can clothe abstract ideas of this kind in vivid metaphorical language, he perhaps deserves even more esteem than the Joyces and the Mrs. Woolfs.

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BURGOS CATHEDRAL IN DANGER

'THE critical state of the beautiful Gothic cathedral at Burgos,' says a correspondent of the *Morning Post*, 'is arousing much attention and not a little anxiety in Spain, for it is feared that unless steps are immediately taken this splendid monument of mediæval architecture, the shrine of thousands of pilgrims and wondering visitors from all parts of the world, is doomed to ruin.

'Built in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and altered in the two succeeding centuries, Burgos Cathedral is one of the chief glories of Spain; yet, strangely enough, it is mainly the work of two foreigners. The original building is supposed to have been erected by the British Bishop Maurice, while the additions of the fifteenth century are the work of John of Cologne. Like so many other Gothic churches, especially those in Germany, — the Mainz Cathedral, for instance, — Burgos Cathedral stands amid a cluster of houses which in all their simplicity still seem to form an integral part of the mass of architecture, with the Cathedral in its elaborate splendor as their head.

'As a result of the ravages of time and weather, much of the stonework of the

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towers has crumbled away, and in places the rot has eaten its way wedge-like into the walls. The condition of the building has several times been brought to the notice of the authorities, but through the alleged lack of funds for reparation purposes nothing has so far been accomplished to save the Cathedral.

'The Duke de Alba has now taken up the matter, and in the recent session of the Academia de Bellas Artes he made it perfectly clear that the salvation of the Cathedral depended upon immediate action. His declaration has apparently made the Government stir, for the Minister of Public Instruction has sent a telegram to the new custodian-architect of Burgos Cathedral requesting him to report upon the present condition of the building and to state what measures are necessary for its preservation.

'In the opinion of several engineers and architects it will be possible to save the towers of the Cathedral without destroying and rebuilding. Protests have been received from the Academy of Fine Arts of San Fernando and other bodies against any proposal to destroy the work of John of Cologne.'

✠

POST-REVOLUTIONARY MUSIC IN RUSSIA

THE official *Izvestia* of Moscow prints an interesting account of what the Government-paid reviewer calls 'Revolutionary' music. To receive official approval, it should be said, newly written music in Russia must fill two requirements — it must be accessible to large masses of people, and it must not, in either words or musical construction, hark back to pre-Revolutionary bourgeois ideals and sentiments. Consequently the review that follows covers a comparatively narrow field of observation.

'After a long period without a musical periodical press,' says the reviewer, 'we have been able to greet simultaneously the rise of two magazines — *Music and Revolution* and *Music and October*. Several articles protest against the tendency to oversimplification, to a vulgarization of Marxism, and speak of the necessity of bringing an understanding of genuine art to large masses of workers, and of giving them a real knowledge of the art of the past. After carefully examining our new vocal agitational music, we conclude that this campaign must not be postponed. The danger comes from those so-called composers who used to serve consumers of pseudo-Gypsy cabaret songs and ditties in the taste of the nouveau riche, and are now having recourse to revolutionary texts; for to write music for the latter has become a more or less profitable occupation. As a result our workers are invited to listen to "Mine Number Three" and other "industrial" masterpieces in which the great ideas of October 1917 are propagated to the accompaniment of operetta or cabaret tunes.

'There is another danger — the poverty of style. Our composers, who are for the most part young people just being trained in composition, create formulas and are loath to part with them. The last choral works of Lobachev repeat one another's made-to-order marchlike manner, and even entire episodes; while the vocal pieces of Karchmarev are a mixture of old-time sentimentalism, pseudo folk-music, Chaikovskii's pathetic increased-sixth, a monotonous minor tone, and various cheap tricks — all of which threatens to educate the musical taste of the worker on things alien to his healthy, upright attitude toward life. These young composers ought to study the cheerful works of Haydn, Mozart, Bach, Beethoven, and the style and polyphony of the real peasant song. Not

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until then, and only at the price of steady work, will they be able to give to the workers' clubs healthy musical material.'

✽

THE KNICKERBOCKER HAMLET IN VIENNA

THE audiences of the Deutsches Volkstheater in Vienna have recently had the opportunity to see the English *Hamlet*-in-dress-clothes acted by Austrian players but produced by an English director, Mr. Harry Ayliff. According to reports, the version has been received enthusiastically by the audiences, but coldly and even harshly by the critics. A writer in the *Neue Freie Presse*, after objecting that the use of modern costume is not necessary to the popularity of a play so steadily performed as *Hamlet*, observes that it is not the costuming of the play that makes this production offensive, but the cold and cynical manner in which it is acted throughout. One had the feeling, he says, of attending some rehearsal in the course of which the actors delivered their parts while eating an occasional ham sandwich.

✽

A MUSIC MUSEUM

IF books and art works may be made accessible to the public without charge in libraries and art museums, why should not music enjoy the same democratic advantage? The municipal corporation of Berlin believes that it should, and has drafted a bill, to be laid before the Prussian legislature at the present session, providing for the erection of a Museum of Music on a site that it is willing to provide. In this institution good music would be heard by anybody for the trouble of entering — except perhaps on special days of the week, when a small charge might be made for the sake of meeting part of the expenses. It is intended that the building should have four concert halls; in one, symphony concerts would be given, in another chamber music, in a third vocal music, and in the fourth lectures on musical history and criticism. Perhaps there might also be rooms where the best concerts of the world could be heard by radio, and where phonograph records could be preserved and used. The Prussian Minister of Education believes that, after the site has been provided, the building need not cost more than two million gold marks.

✽

GALSWORTHY IN CATALONIA

ART and letters have suffered in Catalonia, as well as more temporal considerations. According to the *Courrier Catalan*, the museums of Barcelona have made no acquisitions since the establishment of the Directory, and have ceased to publish a series of monographs on art which they had undertaken. The school of dramatic art founded by the *Mancomunitat* has been threatened by the central authorities. A recent act of the Government verges — like so many dictatorial gestures — on the ridiculous: the performance of Galsworthy's drama, *Strife*, translated into Catalan by Señor Fernandez-Burgas, has been refused sanction, on the ground that it is a piece likely to stir up social and political passions. Well, perhaps it is, to be sure.

✽

A CORRECTION

IT has been brought to our attention that our statement in the issue of May 1 that Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, 'like Mr. Mackenzie,' is an Anglo-Catholic, was incorrect. Miss Kaye-Smith is an Anglo-Catholic, to be sure, but Mr. Mackenzie is a Roman Catholic, although — we believe — a convert to that faith.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Swinburne, by Harold Nicolson. New English Men of Letters series. London and New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

[Sir Edmund Gosse in the *Sunday Times*]

It gives me no trouble to say without reserve that Mr. Nicolson has penetrated further into the mental constitution of the poet than any of us, his elders, who lived in the clash and flash of the phenomenon, were able to do. The paradox of criticism at the present moment is that certain productions in prose and verse that we looked upon fifty years ago as 'the most exciting thing that ever happened' appear to some members of the youthful generation 'almost unutterably dull.'

That Swinburne could ever be regarded as dull would in 1866 have sounded not more possible than that all the waters of the world should run dry. But the inconceivable has happened. There are large tracts of Swinburne that are like those rich Dutch pastures that the sea has overdriven — they lie knee-deep in sand for ever and ever. I am myself guilty of some apostasy. I shall not be accused of insensibility to the magic of my friend when I frankly admit that the thought of reading 'A Midsummer Holiday' over again makes me physically faint. What has happened is that, while the elect have obstinately refused to admit the existence of these sand-swept provinces, the outsiders have felt free to deny that the oases exist. Mr. Harold Nicolson now comes forward, with his delicately sane and ironic analysis, and justifies both convictions. Swinburne was an enchanting musician, and yet his performance could be as tiresome as that of a cow wailing for her lost calf.

In the process of winnowing the wheat from the chaff, Mr. Nicolson gives reasons for several innovations. He offers *The Queen Mother* a prominence it has never held before; he defends, examines, and explains *Atalanta in Calydon* with unprecedented fullness; and he gives great importance to the second *Poems and Ballads*. On the other hand, he ridicules the vast and cumbrous drama of *Bothwell*, differentiates sharply between the good and the bad in *Songs before Sunrise*, and, what will be found most surprising, relegates *Poems and Ballads: First Series*, on which the faith of the elders has been most passionately founded, to a relatively low position among its author's works. He thinks little of *Chastelard* and less of 'Tristram of Lyonesse,' while recognizing in them elements of permanent value. But in the 1866 volume he finds little that he thinks will retain respect, and this is perhaps the most questionable feature of his criticism That I should have lived to hear an admirer of Swinburne declare 'Dolores' and 'Hesperia' and 'Erotion' to be entirely devoid of 'durable interest'! These are indeed the whirligigs of fashion, but the worst whirligig of all is that I have to confess myself partly converted to Mr. Nicolson's opinion. Perhaps, however, in his revolt against these experiments, he hardly appreciates the technical beauty of the best of them, the way in which metre and verbiage and illustration are concentrated in a perfection of stimulus, as though a soda-water siphon should inconceivably spout flaming brandy. I think that Mr. Nicolson will revise the opinion that 'Dolores' is nothing but 'sadistic jingle,' but on the whole I am not prepared to defend very fiercely the poems we used to think so impassioned.

I should give a false idea of Mr. Nicolson's book if I represented it as destructive to the poet's reputation. On the contrary, its main feature of novelty is the firmness with which it divides the good from the bad, vigorously sweeping out of the field what is immaterial and self-imitative, concentrating attention on what is really important. To Mr. Nicolson, as much as to the early infatuated admirers, Swinburne is a man of letters of the highest importance, one of the great English poets of established and perennial fame. What, however, he aims at doing, and does with the exercise of an almost frigid irony, is to limit our approval to what is really first-rate, and to acknowledge with unprecedented candor that a great deal of what Swinburne published is third-rate or of no rate at all.

Some New Letters and Writings of Lafcadio Hearn, edited by Sanki Ichikawa. Tokyo: Kenkyusha, 1926. 3½ yen.

[Edmund Blunden in the *Japan Advertiser*]

In the latest volume — if one is safe in calling any volume on Hearn 'the latest' — Professor Sanki Ichikawa, the philologist of Tokyo Imperial University, supplements the collection of *Japanese Letters* made by Miss Elizabeth Bisland (Mrs. Wetwors) and published in 1910. That collection includes principally the weightier and

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showier correspondence of Hearn in Japan. Professor Ichikawa's gleanings are largely of a lighter kind, unconsidered trifles, notes, and brevities. One large collection now printed was addressed to Mr. Sentaro Nishida, who was a colleague of Hearn at Matsue and assisted him in many matters. These letters — eighty-three in all — are simple in style, and usually insignificant in subject. Absences from school and the reasons, the 'exceptional' weather, likings for this or that master, distaste for somebody else, 'it is too kind of you' or 'it would be kind of you,' why people have red noses, what the new *shoji* cost — these are some of the usual topics. Now and then, however, Hearn becomes drastic and releases a lively opinion, which is welcome to the reader of the book, even though it may annoy him violently. 'I want to see the military party in supreme power,' Hearn declares. Or, 'There is not one Christian in the school. Of this I am only too glad.' Sometimes he is more tolerable in these moments of self-expression. 'After having been five years in Japan I confess I still cannot understand the Japanese at all; and you must have found many misapprehensions in what I write. Yet I am a writer and observer by profession.'

There is more spirit in the other extensive group of letters now brought to light — the sixty or seventy written to Mr. Masanobu Otani, who was employed by Hearn to gather and supply facts on Japanese questions. Here Hearn says what he means with a precision and emphasis amounting to plain English — for example, 'In short, you will have to write for me twelve or thirteen articles a year, — some of which will require research, — under these conditions: No article, no money.' This is the good old way, and not the 'nice, good' style into which Hearn so often slides. One thinks of Byron's letters to his publisher for an instant; this, however, is too mighty an association for Hearn's epistolary work as a whole, and, despite a few vivacious paragraphs, even these letters to Mr. Otani are altogether only valuable to Hearn's most indefatigable 'fans.'

The Plough and the Stars: A Tragedy in Four Acts, by Sean O'Casey. London and New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

[*Morning Post*]

The Plough and the Stars is concerned with the Easter Rebellion of 1916; and it is written with a familiar understanding of one who must have been concerned in that dire event. That the play should have been resented by a section of the Dublin audience is not to be wondered at; for it is unsparing in its fidelity to truth. It is not written as a satire, but it becomes a satire simply by presenting things as they are in contrast with current high-flown pretenses. Exaggeration would make it a comedy; the absence of exaggeration leaves it a tragedy. And it will be just as moving when the memories of 1916, and the passions that were involved in the rebellion, are dead.

The Question Mark, by M. Jaeger. London and New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

In *The Question Mark* Miss Jaeger, a new but accomplished writer, relates how a bank clerk called Guy Martin is translated into London in the twenty-second century, and how he finds there the conventional Utopia compounded of green fields, silent airplanes, coupons, and a communal food supply. The machinery that runs this world is only vaguely sketched, with an assurance that it is foolproof and practically self-working; and the interest centres rather in psychological reactions to such a smoothly ordered world. For Guy soon discovers that Futuria is not Utopian in any but material affairs, being distressed by a new human problem: how to dispose of the leisure bestowed by prosperity — how to sublimate the energy that we dissipate to-day in keeping the wolf from the door. He finds that the Anglo-Utopians are split on this issue into two widely divergent types, called Normals and Intellectuals, and that poverty has been transferred from the economic to the mental plane. The Intellectuals find content in research, creation, and unhampered love; but the Normals can only work off their chronic excitement in exaggerated athleticism, extravagant fashions, and various sorts of emotional excess. This book is a disquieting, but wholesome, contribution to prospective history.

BOOKS MENTIONED

Dunsany, Lord. *The Charwoman's Shadow.* London: Putnam's, 1926, 7*s.* 6*d.* *A Dreamer's Tales.* New York: The Modern Library, 95c. *The King of Elfland's Daughter.* New York: Putnam's, 1925, $2.00.

Oxford Book of English Prose. Chosen and edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch, 1925. $3.75.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Royal Highness, by Thomas Mann. Translated by A. Cecil Curtis. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1926. $2.50.

It is no easy lot to be born of royal blood. It means a lonely life, a life of pomp and artificial splendor in which one must not taste the wine or smell the roses. It is a lofty calling. Such is the burden of this novel, told with a wealth of descriptive details and of carefully chosen incidents that make the picture complete. Out of it emerges the Prince, naïve, charming, and occasionally pathetic. He is drawn with a temperate realism that happily avoids the excesses to which psychological impressionism has carried so many modern writers. There is nothing unusual about the plot — but then it is doubtful whether there are any new plots under the sun. One regrets that the American dollar cannot be for Europe what it is for this story, the *deus ex machina* that brings a happy dénouement. But money cures no ills unless used properly, and European budgets are not encouraging in this respect. Implicit in the gift that was Imma Spoelmann's dowry is the guiding genius of her father's business acumen. Only this could make the gift of any permanent value. However hard his lot, the Prince is at least highly fortunate in a marriage that brings him beauty, wealth, and wisdom, the three cardinal requisites of royalty.

Beatrice, by Arthur Schnitzler. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1926. $1.50.

To the numerous readers who delighted in *Fräulein Else* the publication in America of Schnitzler's *Beatrice* will bring renewed admiration of the author. Although the method that Schnitzler uses in presenting the soul of his heroine, Beatrice, is not quite as photographic as that used in *Fräulein Else*, it will to many seem more artistic. Schnitzler shows us a woman confronted by the problem how to save her son from the wiles of an adventurous baroness. The treatment of mother love is so entirely different from that of Mary Carr and D. W. Griffith that one hardly recognizes it as the same emotion. Schnitzler presents a situation of frank sentiment that rarely if ever slops over into sentimentalism. The book has many qualities that one finds in a Dostoevskii novel. But Schnitzler has the great wisdom to make his book no longer than is absolutely necessary. In *Beatrice* he once more shows himself to be one of the few really important contemporary writers. Among the many psychological novelists there is, perhaps, none other who quite so skillfully avoids the professional affectation so very blatant in 'human documents.'

Swinburne, by Harold Nicolson. English Men of Letters series. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

The new English Men of Letters series, under the editorship of J. C. Squire, has started off promisingly with this volume on Swinburne. The author of a searching and subtle study of Tennyson, Mr. Nicolson has both the psychological insight and the complementary literary knowledge to write well of Swinburne. It is on the psychological rather than on the critical side that this book is chiefly interesting. Perhaps there is not much more to be said at this moment about Swinburne as a writer, and what Mr. Nicolson does say is on the whole just and discreet. One may quarrel with his judgment of particular poems, — of 'Anactoria,' for example, — but scarcely with his general estimate. His 'analysis' of Swinburne as a man is the real contribution of the book: no one has yet stated so clearly the basic conflict in Swinburne's personality between his impulse to self-assertion and his impulse to self-abnegation, or shown so conclusively the effect this conflict had on his work.

Who 's Who in China, edited by M. C. Powell. Third edition. Shanghai: China Weekly Review, 1925. $8 Mexican.

This octavo volume of more than a thousand pages, and containing well toward half that number of biographies of prominent living Chinamen, is an unusually valuable and timely contribution to our knowledge of Oriental affairs. An appendix contains a directory of American returned students, which, while presumably not complete, presents an impressive picture of the part the United States has played in China's recent cultural changes.

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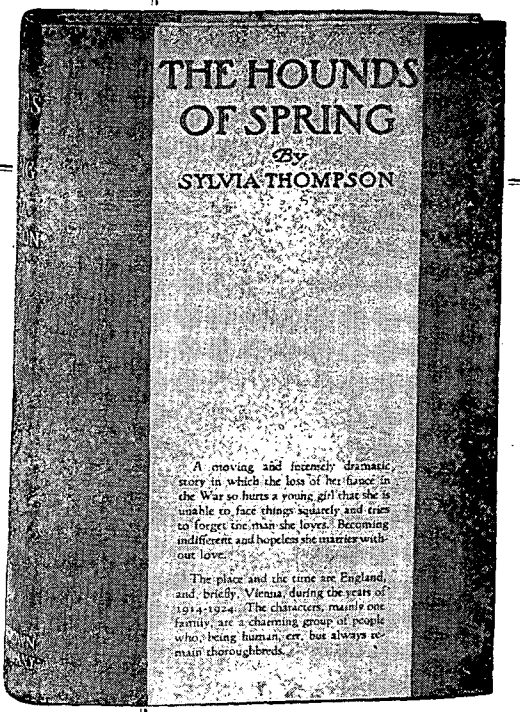
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